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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



JORDAN MEETS THE PRESS

Hef and British wild child Jordan welcomed reporters to Ye Olde King's Head pub in Santa Monica for a party celebrating her September cover. A game of darts, a pint of ale and plenty of press from across the pond made for a fabulous party.

MOVIEMAKING AT THE MANSION

George Clooney, Sam Rockwell (playing Chuck Barris) and Playmates Victoria Fuller and Deanna Brooks filming *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*—a Barris bio directed by Clooney—at the Playboy Mansion.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Hef welcomes retro diva and PLAYBOY cover girl Dita von Teese and the inimitable Marilyn Manson to his annual Midsummer Night's Dream party (far left). And comedian Jeffrey Ross, Thora Birch and Drew Carey toast the host with the most.



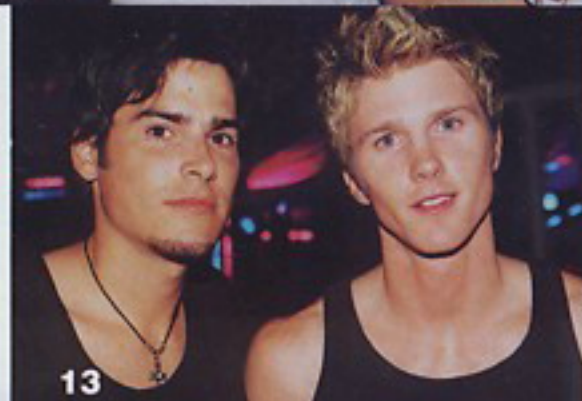
MTV'S COOLEST CRIB

MTV launched the fall season of *Cribs*, the show that visits the homes of rock stars and celebrities, with a day at Hef's hutch. In the master bedroom with Hef and his girlfriends, Holly pointed out the assorted panties that happen to be hanging from the chandelier.

CALIFORNIA *Dreamin'*



Hef's annual Midsummer Night's Dream party—where the girls wear lingerie or less and the guys get whiplash from ogling the scenery—is Hollywood's hottest ticket. This year's list included Tobey Maguire, Leo DiCaprio, Drew Barrymore and Britney Spears. Dreamy indeed. (1) The host and his girlfriends relaxing by the dance floor. (2) *Alias* star Michael Vartan and Matthew Perry. (3) Bum advice. (4) A guest gets painted. (5) Fox TV Centerfolds Shalan Meiers and Christina Santiago with co-contestant Jill Scott. (6) Leo incognito. (7) Drew Carey kissing up to Bob Saget. (8) Shanna Moakler sparkles. (9) Summer Altice with 'N Sync's J.C. Chasez. (10) Ali Landry of *Spy TV* and Mario Lopez of *The Other Half*. (11) The Dahm triplets, looking luscious in leather. (12) Jaime Bergman, John Harrison and Angelica Bridges. (13) Soap stars Eddie Matos (*Port Charles*) and Thad Luckinbill (*Young and the Restless*). (14) *American Idol* dudes Ryan Seacrest, Randy Jackson and Simon Cowell. (15) Kim King, Kristen Wilkie, Natasha Daniel and Rachel Elizabeth playing peekaboo.



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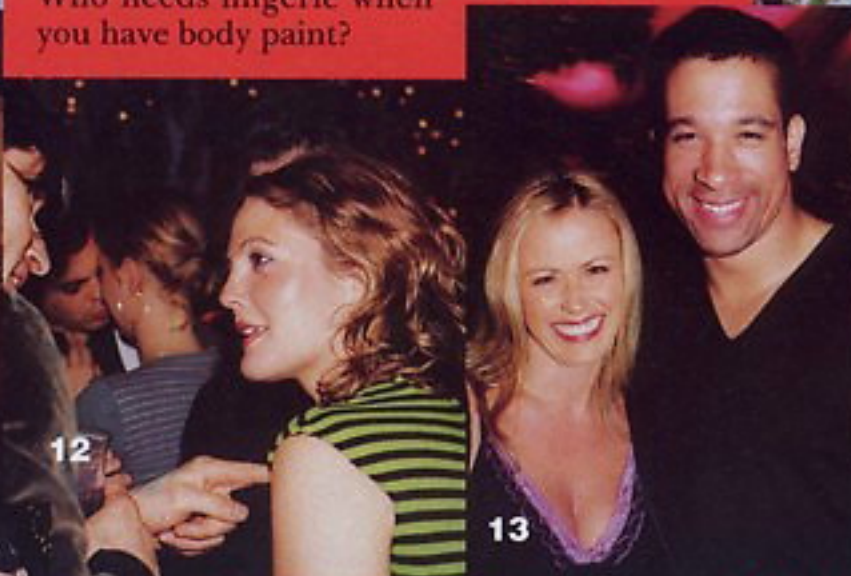


comedycentral.com

CALIFORNIA *Dreamin'* continued



(1) A passel of painted pretties with a Midsummer Night's Dream poster by Mark Frazier. (2) Kylie Bax, Sean Walsh and Carey Lessard. (3) *Shanghai Knights*' Owen Wilson getting romantic. (4) The original *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and November cover girl Kristy Swanson with Jeff Bozz. (5) Verne Troyer with Genevieve Gowman. (6) Britney Spears taking a breather. (7) Sam Rockwell, star of *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, with Deanna Brooks. (8) Randy revelers agree with Nelly's "It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes." (9) Cris Judd, J. Lo's ex-husband, with model Jewls Roy. (10) The formidable Black Eyed Peas. (11) Mr. Playboy smooching September cover model Jordan. (12) Drew Barrymore—who came with Fabrizio Moretti of the Strokes—chatting up Crispin Glover. (13) *The Bachelorette*'s Trista Rehn with *The Other Half*'s Dorian Gregory. (14) Hef, Tiffany and Fred Durst with friends who flew in from New York for the party. (15) Jamie Foxx freaking on the dance floor. (16) Who needs lingerie when you have body paint?



PLAYBOY

after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

BIONIC BUNNY

There's a reason a rabbit is our mascot. According to an article in *The Journal of Urology*, researchers at Harvard Medical School have found a way to grow a penis in a lab that doesn't involve cute assistants in mini lab coats, a camera crew or a fluff girl. In a feat of astounding organ engineering, scientists grew rabbit penis tissue in a lab and later rebuilt penises by inserting the material into a few lucky bunnies. After rest and recuperation, the rabbits had no problem penetrating and copulating with the lap-in equivalent of candy strippers. Though the bioengineered hard-on was described as somewhat compromised (researchers compared the pressure of the tissue to that of a happy 60-year-old man), rabbits with the retooled organs produced adequate levels of sperm and even higher levels of rabbit self-esteem.

CROSS FIRE

Shut Up, You Fucking Baby is the title of the sick and wrong comedy double CD from David Cross (the bald half of *Mr. Show With Bob and David*). We expect no

MAKE HER SHUTTER

The Pop 9 camera is a sharp piece of work. Its nine tiny lenses turn snapshots into miniature fly-eyed works of pop art. Find a willing female with a nice pair, and soon you'll be in disco-ball titty heaven. The camera was conceived by designers at the Lomographic Society International (the camera is available at www.lomography.com). It's the latest in a series of inexpensive cameras (the Pop 9 sells for \$50) they've produced for DIY photographers. It uses ordinary 35mm film, which can be developed by any photo lab, but be sure to tip off the printers that you used a special camera, to avoid confusion. So go out and shoot your roll. The Pop 9 is also a perfect tool for pickups. "Nine pop shots? Amazing!"

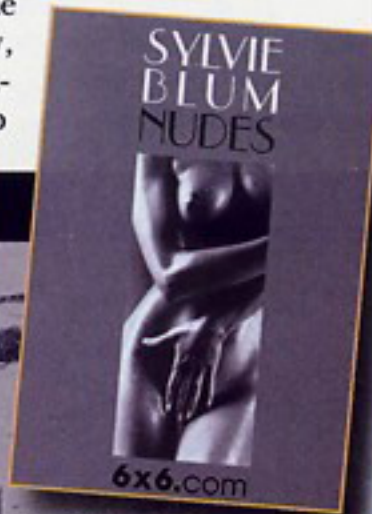


less from a guy who refers to September 11 as "the week football stopped." On his CD Cross shares his opinions on lip liner ("The worst fucking fashion choice I've ever seen in my life. It makes a mouth look like an asshole. Every time you talk, all I can think of are six different types of

shit coming out of your mouth.") and gay men ("It's genetic. There's no fucking 16-year-old going, 'Everyone hates me, the girls don't like me, but, you know, maybe it's time I invited even more nonstop

WOMEN IN FULL BLUM

Sylvie Blum worked as a model, studied art and fashion design, met photographer Günter Blum and became his favorite subject. She also became a photographer herself. When Günter died two years after they were married, Sylvie took over the publication of his work—and built on the stark Germanic eroticism for which he was known. With her first book, *Nudes*, we can see how she's doing—blisteringly fine. These women need SPF 45.



harassment into my life. Getting the shit kicked out of me for no reason—yeah, that will be fun!”). He saves most of his vitriol for morning radio. “I’d rather get attacked by a shark and be treated with no anesthetic than have two DJs interview me,” says Cross. “They’re the same two motherfucking asshole clowns, the Zoo Crew or some shit, in Hawaiian shirts, huge Jimmy Buffett fans, telling the same Lewinsky jokes from three years ago. You can tell they did a pound of blow two hours earlier.” Good luck promoting the disk during drive time, David.

CLAMS CASINO

According to Dr. Elizabeth Stewart, author of the new *V Book: A Doctor's Guide to Complete Vulvovaginal Health*, K-Y jelly contains chlorhexidine, which causes burning for some women. Astroglide contains the preservative propylene glycol, which bothers others. And vitamin E

BOARD STIFFIES

She wants more romance. You want more sex. Adult board games can bring you together like Eminem and Christina Aguilera, with only a tad less wailing. Fans of traditional games will like the erotic activities of *A Lover's Touch*. *Wildly Sexy Dares* urges men to stuff a sock in it, *Sensations* has massage oil and a blindfold, while *Strip Chocolate* includes candy frosting. You provide your own cherry.



can be a good lubricant, but it, too, can trigger an allergic reaction. “My vote for a handy, safe choice for every woman is ordinary olive oil,” says Dr. Stewart. “It’s pure, without added ingredients or preservatives. A little dab is all you need.” We suppose you’ll want to use extra virgin, at least the first time.

WHY WITCHES STAY SINGLE

Here’s a Harry Potter tie-in we weren’t expecting. Mattel’s toy version of Harry’s flying broom doesn’t actually soar when you climb on—but it does vibrate. And that’s enough to please the kids,

GIRLS WITH TATTOOS LIKE TO GET PRICKED

IMAGE	MEANING	IMPLICATIONS	SEX?	BONUS	
	Butterfly above bikini line	The meandering, colorful, soft leaf-muncher of spring.	Hippie sensibilities. Possible vegan.	Gentle hand job on second date. May be open to non-equipment-oriented kinkiness.	Rainbow-colored markings may indicate sapphic leanings.
	Tiny rose on ankle	Beautiful yet dangerous. Or at least prickly.	Daddy's little girl gone bad.	A few drinks are all she needs to get her to do things she "usually never does."	Maybe the drinks will stop her from talking about her tattoo—or her father—all night.
	Sacred heart on shoulder	Religious symbol of torment, House of Blues.	Doesn't fuck around with sex and relationships.	Prognosis: excellent. But look out for her morning-after desire to move in.	Is most certainly not religious.
	Tribal design above ass crack	Jagged expression of an inner aesthetic circa 1994.	Dramatist. Has something to fucking say, damn it.	Insane. She has something to prove, remember?	No-brainer foreplay: Trace the curlicues with your fingertips.
	Pin-up girl on back	Appreciation of idealized womanhood, pussy worship.	Complete sex machine.	Crazed monkey-bar high jinks. Multiple orgasms. Be very, very nice to this girl.	Her best friend's bi, too.
	Yin and yang on big toe	Asian symbol of balance.	Neither one nor the other. Lukewarm. Tepid. Namby-pamby. The ancient oriental concept of, er, zzzzzzz . . .	Uh, sure, we guess.	Unlikely to interfere with post-coital nap time.
	Sorority letters on ass cheek	Greek for "bitch club."	Will do anything to be socially accepted, including body mutilation.	Tell her the BMW is yours and she'll be naked in no time.	Can chug a beer in five seconds. May be spotted on <i>Girls Gone Wild</i> tape.
	Another guy's name on knuckles	Been around the block.	"I belong to [another guy's name]."	Good God, are you kidding? Get outta there!	Will cook for you. Specialty: boiled rabbit.



WHY GIRLS SAY YES— REASON #19

Because he was a great single dad. "I was at a karaoke party when a young boy took the stage to sing Venus. When the music started, he was petrified. His father jumped onstage with him, changing the lyric to 'penis' and making his son forget his fear. Then the dad started singing to me in vintage lounge style. It made me want him because he wasn't afraid to goof it up. I met him in a narrow hallway. 'I enjoyed your song,' I said. He laughed and put his hands on my hips to help me slide by him and said, 'Maybe you and I could do a duet sometime? I could use some adult time.' I gave him my number on the spot and when we went out, I gave him that adult time he wanted."—G.T., Greenwich, Connecticut

judging from some recently deleted (and possibly dubious) customer reviews on Amazon.com. "My 12-year-old daughter is a big Harry Potter fan," wrote one mom. "I was afraid she would think it was too babyish, but she loves this toy. Even my daughter's friends enjoy playing with this fun toy. I was surprised at how long they can just sit in her room and play with this magic broomstick." Said another parent: "When my 12-year-old daughter asked for this for her birthday, I kind of wondered if she was too old for it, but she seems to love it. Her friends love it, too! They play for hours in her bedroom. They seem to like the special effects it offers (the sound effects and vibrating). My oldest daughter (17) likes it, too!" A less clueless parent, however, was not amused. "What were the creators of this toy thinking?" she wrote. She went on to vow that her daughter

would be using the broom only "with the batteries removed." While she's at it, she should get rid of the pulsating showerhead and the bed pillows, too.

THE HOMERIC TRADITION

Minnesota, Land of 10,000 Lakes, also has numerous drainage ponds at highway interchanges. While most states name these stagnant puddles of runoff by map details like the exit or mile number, the Minnesota Department of Transportation calls them things like Bart, Maggie, Itchy, Apu and Scratchy—character names from *The Simpsons*. "It's just something fun," says hydrologist Patrick McLarnon of the ponds along the interchange between Interstate 494 and U.S. Highway 61. McLarnon has also named ponds Richie, Joanie, Chachi and Fonz along Interstate 94 and after *Star Wars* characters along Highway 12. And while the names do not appear on or by the bodies of water, they are part of the official state databases that track water quality and runoff flows.

HOW TO TURN HER INTO A TUSHY GIRL

Call in reinforcements: Find a female friend who will put in the good word to your girlfriend. It's best if she says something like, "Sure, I had some painful experiences. Then I met a guy who knew what he was doing, and it was awesome." Note: That guy had better not be you.

Feign indifference: Act like it's no big

deal, but find a few opportunities to mention a long-ago ex who was just gaga for the back door. That will make your new woman curious.

Spin it: No woman wants to be a plain vanilla lover. She wants to feel exotic and erotic. Exert a little pressure by saying, "It's more common in Europe, but



"I think of myself as a highly sexual creature. I have to use that. I have no choice. I like it. I didn't grow up with a mother telling me what was under my clothes was bad or evil."—Charlize Theron

they're a lot more sexually open-minded and adventurous over there, I guess."

Play the intimacy card: There's a special intimacy with anal sex that can appeal to a woman. It's an area that's sensitive and vulnerable, and it's special to let someone go there. You can bond over the fact that you're breaking a taboo together.

Use a stand-in: Don't even talk about spelunking until she's used to slippery fingers or cute little toys.

Let her drive: If she's on top, she's in control and can take it at her own pace. It may take a while to figure out a good position for her, but any position will be great for you.

THE LATE LATE SHOW

The latest trend in the funeral business—an industry that shouldn't need

BIC BITING BABES (AND OTHER DELIGHTS)



Artist Fred Beltran likes a mixture of "sweetness and provocation" in his pin-ups. "I believe that pin-ups graphically represent the seduction that women play on men, who are more or less naive," he says. Which is why, presumably, he drew *Pin-Up Girls From Around the World* (Humanoids)—an

amusing collection of pneumatic girls in some preposterous situations. His publisher says it is a tongue-in-cheek look at pop culture, and we should think of the girls as Barbie dolls on steroids. OK,

we will. But we won't require any testing.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I hate rich people who complain about being rich. They're insane. I pay, like, 50 percent taxes, and I am very proud of that."

—SEAN COMBS

POND SCHEME

Of the average price—\$1.50—for a bottle of water, the percentage represented by costs such as bottling, packaging, marketing, retailing and other nonwater expenses: 90. According to studies, estimated percentage of bottled water that is simply tapped from municipal water systems: 33.

GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

According to a survey by Blockbuster, percentage of people who regift, or give as a gift something they received as a gift: 25. Of people who regift, average number of pre-owned presents they give per year: 4.

DOH!

Of newborn babies conceived by men in their late 20s, ratio that are a result of unintended pregnancies: 1 to 2. Portion of newborns conceived by men in their 30s and early 40s that are a result of unintended pregnancies: 1 of 3.

MINT RECONDITION

Number of coins processed by individual U.S. citizens, using Coinstar machines, that were reintroduced into circulation in 2001: 29 billion. Number of coins issued by the U.S. Mint that year: 19 billion. Estimated value of coins considered idle and stashed in homes: \$10.5 billion.

FIVE-FINGERED RAISE

According to a study by the University of Florida, percentage of inventory losses attributed by retail security managers to shoplifting: 31. Percentage of inventory losses attributed to employee theft: 46.



FACT OF THE MONTH

The winning bid for a 1992 Ford Ghia Focus roadster, a concept car that is essentially a design model and is not certified as street legal, was \$1.1 million at a recent auction.

OFFICE SPACE

The percentage of U.S. and Canadian workers who toil in open-plan offices: 75. Percentage by which the workspace per person shrank during the past seven years: 31.

PUBLIC LIP SERVICE

The percentage of Americans who agree with President Bush's call for volunteers as part of the war on terrorism: 84. Percentage who admit they have no plans to volunteer: 60.

DOMINO EFFECT

According to the National Restaurant Association, percentage of Super Bowl watchers who order takeout or delivery food for game day: 28. Percentage of viewers age 18 to 24 who order food: 52. Of food orders, percentage who order pizza: 64. Percentage who order wings: 45. Percentage who order subs: 20.

RUBBER SOUL

According to an Alan Guttmacher Institute study, among young men who became sexually active in the early Eighties, percentage who used a condom for their first act of intercourse: 25. Among young men who became sexually active in the mid-Nineties, percentage who used condoms for their first time: 67.

TALK SOUP

In a Public Agenda poll, percentage of recent job applicants rated by potential employers as excellent or good in terms of computer skills: 70. Percentage rated as excellent or good in terms of grammar: 27.

HOMOPHILIA UP

In a national survey by the Kaiser Family Foundation, percentage of respondents who say they have a gay friend or acquaintance: 62. Percentage who said so in a similar survey in 1983: 24.

—BETTY SCHAAAL

trends to boost business—is the personal funeral, especially a concept that's called themed viewing. You can now be laid out in your favorite couch-potato chair in front of the big screen with your remote, cigar and beverage close at hand. Or you can kick back in your shades on a patio lounge by a barbecue grill and a cooler of longnecks. We already know how we'd like to be sent to our final reward, but even if the funeral home were willing to cooperate, Halle Berry probably wouldn't be.

THE TIP SHEET

Decks and the City: A new entry in the DJ-mix CD category, this series on Takeout Records offers more than just a cool name. Volume One is mixed by the musical aces behind New York's Plant Bar and the weekly Plant night at Centro-Fly.

Popsy: A vanilla-and-caramel-flavored alcoholic beverage in Holland that is packaged in a sperm-shaped bottle and bears the slogan "I'm



105-POUND TEST

The Women in Waders 2003 calendar gives fans of smallmouth and red snapper a different trophy to mount each month. It's the real deal. We're told most of the models are true anglers and adept with all types of flies. Set your hook, bubba.

coming." Whether your Dutch cutie takes a sip or a healthy gulp is a good indication of where the evening is headed.

Asymmetry alert: According to *New Scientist*, asymmetrical people—those with one hand, foot, ear or other body part larger than the other—are more prone to jealousy. So while mismatched tits may

suit your taste for novelty, they may be more trouble than they're worth.

Sexy Beast of the Month: The male marine iguana greets comely passing females by masturbating and doesn't even have to stop since he has—count 'em—two penises. And when he dies, you can make a belt out of him.

Fish meds: Penicillin, tetracycline and other antibiotics formulated for fish are sold in pet stores without prescription. It's a fact that's widely known to U.S. Special Forces troops who, presumably, use them for their own special purposes.

That was just foreplay. The peak is yet to come: It's the campaign slogan of the incumbent Social Democrat party for the national elections in Germany. It's topped only by the slogan of the former Communist Party of Democratic Socialism—"Today I'll have a shag. Tomorrow I'll smoke a joint. The day after that I'll vote." And the day after that they'll invade Poland.

SUMMER SAUSAGE

They want to do some more testing (and we would be happy to volunteer), but researchers at the Arizona Cancer Center say the drug Melanotan not only heightens one's desire and sexual ability, it also gives the user a healthy tan if taken often enough (20 times a month), which we're betting it would be. We forgot to ask if it cures cancer.

DRINK OF THE MONTH

It's a universal truth, or at least something we've noticed: Rich girls with B.A.s in art history often end up working at auction houses. Keeping this observation in mind, we recently paid a visit to Bid Brasserie, situated in Manhattan, in the same building as Sotheby's. The bar is elegant, the light is warm and, aptly enough, the walls are richly decorated. The real draw, however, is the drinks. Apparently, after you're done raising your



paddle for the fossil of a T. rex and have spent your money the old-fashioned way, the only way to cool down is with the most traditional drinks available, restyled in modern barware. Establishing a trend of sorts, the whiskey sour (pictured in front) at Bid is mixed with egg whites—something to try at home. And the sidecar (rear), a speakeasy standard, had a fan in Busta Rhymes this summer. Subtlety, and cognac, will do that to a guy.

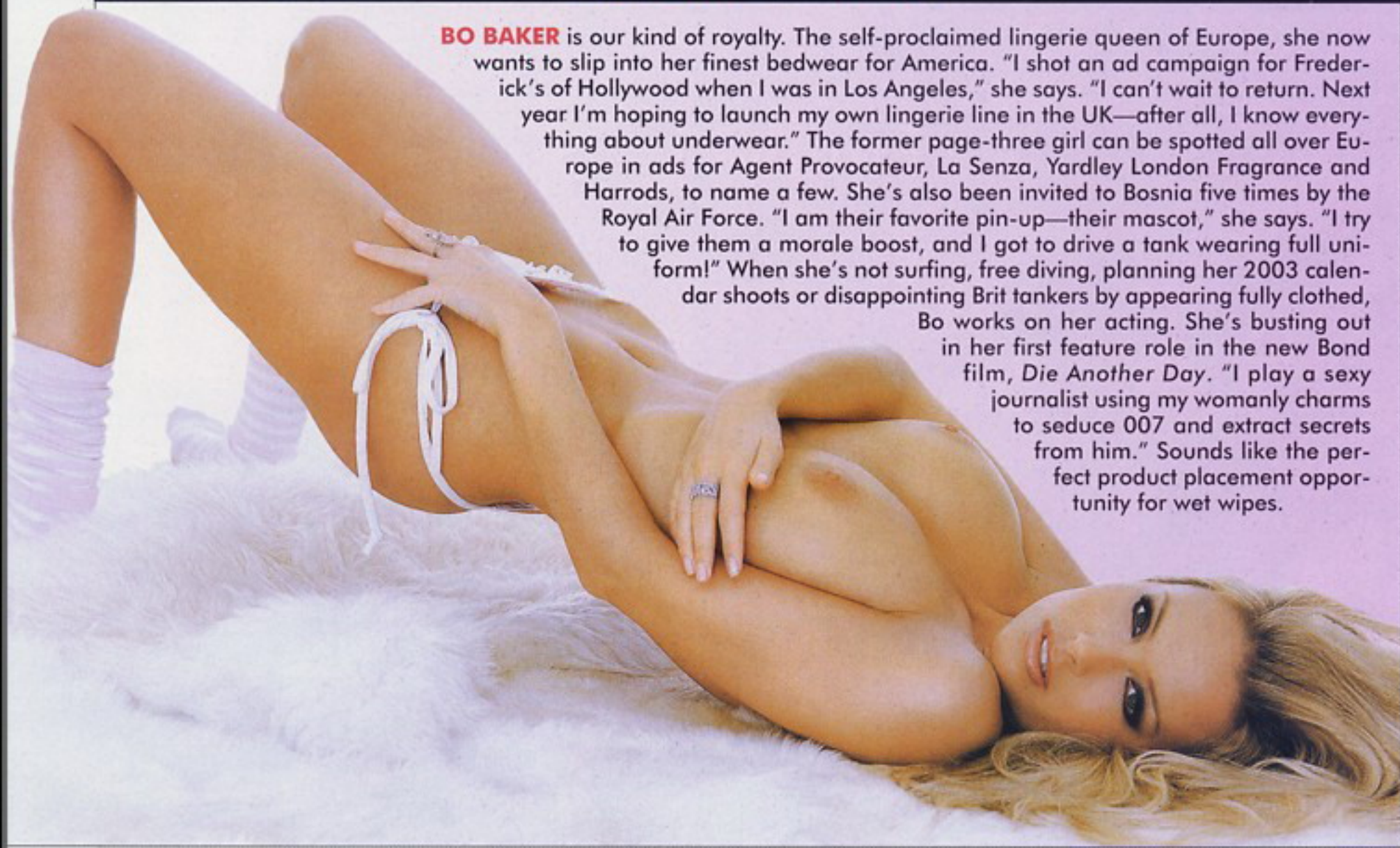
SILENCE SHIPS GOLDEN

Our favorite recent litigation threat began after the British group Planets included on their last CD a 60-second track of complete silence, which sparked the ire of representatives of the estate of composer John Cage. Cage's estate alleges that the Planets pilfered the copy-

righted concept of Cage's composition 4'33", which was 273 seconds of silence. (Of course, there's a question about which 60 seconds were lifted.) Planets producer Mike Batt was defiant, declaring, "Mine is a much better silent piece. I am able to say in one minute what took Cage four minutes and 33 seconds."

BABE OF THE MONTH

BO BAKER is our kind of royalty. The self-proclaimed lingerie queen of Europe, she now wants to slip into her finest bedwear for America. "I shot an ad campaign for Frederick's of Hollywood when I was in Los Angeles," she says. "I can't wait to return. Next year I'm hoping to launch my own lingerie line in the UK—after all, I know everything about underwear." The former page-three girl can be spotted all over Europe in ads for Agent Provocateur, La Senza, Yardley London Fragrance and Harrods, to name a few. She's also been invited to Bosnia five times by the Royal Air Force. "I am their favorite pin-up—their mascot," she says. "I try to give them a morale boost, and I got to drive a tank wearing full uniform!" When she's not surfing, free diving, planning her 2003 calendar shoots or disappointing Brit tankers by appearing fully clothed, Bo works on her acting. She's busting out in her first feature role in the new Bond film, *Die Another Day*. "I play a sexy journalist using my womanly charms to seduce 007 and extract secrets from him." Sounds like the perfect product placement opportunity for wet wipes.



SCENE STEALER

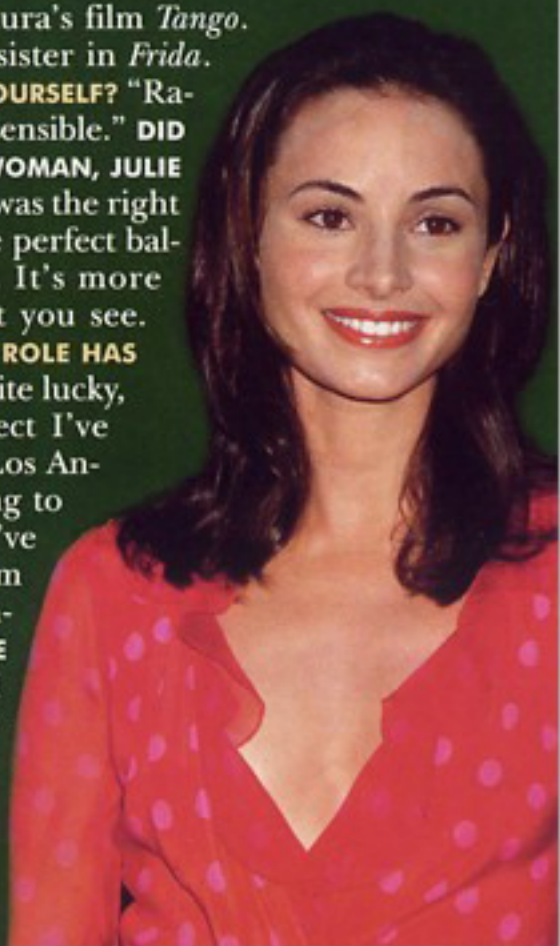
MÍA MAESTRO. FIRST SEEN: In Carlos Saura's film *Tango*.

NOW ON-SCREEN: Playing Salma Hayek's sister in *Frida*.

WHAT WORDS WOULD YOU USE TO DESCRIBE YOURSELF? "Rational, demanding, critical, sensitive and sensible." **DID YOU ENJOY BEING DIRECTED IN FRIDA BY A WOMAN, JULIE TAYMOR?** "It was interesting, and I think it was the right thing for the film, because Julie found the perfect balance between sensuality and sexuality. It's more about the story and not just about what you see.

Everything is there for a reason." **WHAT ROLE HAS LUCK PLAYED IN YOUR CAREER?** "I've been quite lucky, because I'm really proud of every project I've done. I've been living for three years in Los Angeles, and there's always that fear of going to the States and turning into everything you've always despised—especially coming from Argentina, such a European-minded country. But it hasn't been like that." **WHAT'S THE BEST PART OF LIVING IN LA?** "Sushi. And I love having nature nearby: You can go fishing, you can go hiking, you have the ocean. That's something I'm not used to because I come from Buenos Aires, which is a cosmopolitan city. Everything is six hours away."

—L.M.



HOUSE PARTY

When Playboy TV's reality series *7 Lives Xposed* debuted last year, its horny housemates made the dorks on *Big Brother*, *The Real World* and *The Bachelor* seem flaccid. This season, the show is even raunchier. No move will go unrecorded. More than 50 cameras and 100 microphones have been placed in the Malibu party house, an ideal setting for the anticipated sexcapades. "We have way more cameras than last year," says Wicked Pictures adult star Devinn Lane, who is returning to the show as housemother. "We want to catch all the action. Our parties will blow the viewers away. Last year it was like, 'Let's talk about this and see what we want to do.' Now I'm calling the shots—the show is being run Devinn Lane style. It will be more sexually revealing." To ensure sufficient debauchery, Devinn oversaw a talent search for the perfect housemates. What sorts of guys and girls are

lucky enough to share screen time—and bedtime—with Devinn? "The bottom line: I have to want to fuck them," she says. "I'm going

inhibited for wanting to appear naked on my show, but I want to make sure they are comfortable having sex on camera." Encouraging seven strangers to get it on in front of millions of viewers can be tricky. To help put them at ease, Devinn enforces a number of house rules.

"First and foremost, everything is consensual," she says. "No means no. No one enters the house without permission from me, so it boils down to their overall fuckability. I do play Cupid a bit to make sure that things happen. We go out on the town

more often than we did last year." Devinn hopes a few of the first season's alums drop by for a kinky cameo. "Some won't be invited back, but others might," she says. "It depends on what they bring to the group. Conflict is the hallmark of the show. Without conflict, you can't capture the viewers' interest. I am striving to produce the hottest show in TV history. I hope people watch and say, 'This show is nasty, the best thing I've seen on TV in a long time.'" *7 Lives Xposed* airs every Sunday at 10 P.M. ET/11 P.M. PST.



Scenes from *7 Lives Xposed* (clockwise from above): Devinn interviews potential housemates. "I'm not looking for guys with small dicks," she says. "They have to give me something to work with." Devinn and Amy relax. Logan and Pam get busy.

to have sex with all of them, so they have to be attractive and adventurous. Being sexually open is not an issue for me, but I have to get everyone else to step up. These people are already somewhat un-

INSIDE THE 7 LIVES CRIB

For the new season of *7 Lives Xposed*, Playboy chose a five-bedroom, six-bathroom, 7000-square-foot Malibu mansion in which Devinn Lane and her housemates can get it on. "It's

ceiling and a view of the Santa Monica mountains. There's a Jacuzzi in the middle of the master suite. There's a shower with doors that open to the backyard, so you can experience the sensation of showering outdoors." Since completing construction two years ago, the Hatfields have opened their doors to many different projects. "We've done as many as six productions in a week," says Hatfield. "We've had adult shoots, commercials and music videos. I spend an hour or two a day on the set of *7 Lives*." Can you blame the guy? The



a wacky, high-energy house with approximately 50 colors," says owner and architect Howard Hatfield, a 25-year PLAYBOY subscriber who designed and built the house and lives there with his wife, Heidi. "It's bright and cheerful. There's an infinity pool, a hot tub, a studio with a 27-foot-high



house, worth an estimated \$3 million, is on a five-acre plot; the closest neighbors are 360 yards away. "It's definitely a party house," he says. "I designed it that way."

BEFORE THEY WERE PLAYMATES

Contrary to popular belief, we don't grow our Playmates in Rabbit-shaped petri dishes in the Mansion basement. They're girls next door, and before we discovered them, most were just pretty girls leading normal lives. What did we see

pets, and we would hop on the train and head down to the clubs in the Ginza, singing and dancing to songs by LTD, Earth, Wind and Fire and the Dramatics," she says. Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks was raising a lot more than interest



in them? That certain spark, an indescribable star quality. Look for yourself in the Cyber Club, where we've published the original test shots that persuaded us to make them Playmates. First up, and pictured here: PMOYs Victoria Silvstedt (left) and Jodi Ann Paterson. You'll also get the scoop on the gals' pre-PLAYBOY goings-on: Ola Ray, Miss June 1980, was singing in Japan with her twin brothers. "We called ourselves the Soul Train Pup-

rates as a teller at a small bank in Ohio. "I had customers who would stall in line so I could wait on them. I got a lot of requests for small bills and change," she says. Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler spent a wild, weird year as Miss USA 1995. "My favorite moment was signing autographs at Bob's Backyard Used Furniture Depot in Wichita, Kansas. One guy even gave me a homemade back scratcher. I swear I heard the theme from *The Twilight Zone* playing in the background," she says. And Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott was—we kid you not—a pizza delivery girl. "I went to the same house four times in one week," she says. "For some reason, the owner kept requesting me." Hold the pepperoni.

RAYNE OF TERROR

Do bad girls make you lose your cool? We know a sexy, hot-tempered chick who's half human and half vampire—she'd just



as soon kill you as pass the salt. Her name is Blood-rayne, and she is the star of the eponymous blood-and-gore video game that everyone in our office is addicted to. As the story goes, she was born with the powers of a vampire—and without all the weaknesses. The hell-raising heroine

may not be the kind of girl you'd bring home to mom, but we dig the game so much that we are hosting the Blood-rayne in the Bayou Sweepstakes. Enter

at Playboy.com to win a date with a Playmate—the two of you will tour New Orleans' vampire hangouts.

WHO WANTS TO BE A PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER?

Herb Ritts. Helmut Newton. David La-Chapelle. Since 1953, we've showcased groundbreaking work from the world's most lauded photographers. Think you have something to add? If you're a college student who has dreamed of taking pictures for us—and what libido-boasting dude hasn't?—here's your chance. We are looking for an artful series of nudes. Turn to this month's Playmate and you'll get the idea. But try not to imitate our Centerfolds—we would rather see something visually innovative, a new take on our trademark

style. We'll judge your photos on both creativity and skill, so go

wild: Make your model look movie-star glamorous or strip her down to the bare essentials. Do it outside on campus or inside your apartment. Your model does not have to be a college student; maybe she's your girlfriend, or perhaps she's that gorgeous specimen from your figure study class. You can even photograph groups of women. The payoff? The winner receives \$500, photo publication on Playboy.com and every guy's to-die-for gig: a trip to our Chicago headquarters to photograph a Playmate. Your model will also get \$500 for her efforts. Log on to playboy.com/on-campus for more details. The contest ends December 15, so get snapping. We will announce the winner early in 2003.



CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH



KATE BRENNER's birth date is January 7, 1980. Her dog's name: Boris. Vice: PlayStation. Hobby: Surfing. Why she's fun on a road trip: "I know the words to every song on the radio. I don't care how old or even how bad it is." Destiny's child: "My parents have a videotape of me

when I was three years old saying I wanted to be in PLAYBOY when I grew up." A guy's best quality: "A sense of humor—but not life-of-the-party, lampshade-on-the-head humor. I mean intelligent, subtle humor, the kind that leaves you in awe of his mind."

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SIGNS

MILFORD, CONNECTICUT—Earlier this year, pranksters used weed killer to carve a 25-foot penis and testicles onto a hillside behind Foran High. For a month after-



ward, school janitors attempted without success to hide the phallus by planting new grass and mowing surrounding grass to obscure the edges of the image. Unlike with other incidents of vandalism at the school, police said no one had called to complain.

IDENTITY CRISIS

HOUSTON—A young woman wanted an abortion so she claimed to be 18. But because she had no identification to prove it, the clinic turned her away. (Texas law requires minors who want abortions to notify their parents first.) Undeterred, the teen walked to a grocery store, where she bought a generic ID card that identified her as being 18. The clinic accepted the card as proof of age. Now an adult, the woman says she regrets the abortion and has sued the clinic for accepting her fake ID.

TAKING THE RAP

LOUISA, VIRGINIA—Police arrested a 22-year-old aspiring rap musician on suspicion of raping and killing his neighbor. Friends told investigators that the man had boasted about the murder, but the suspect argued that there had been a misunderstanding. He had not confessed, he said. Instead, his friends had overheard

him composing gangster rap lyrics. A jury found him guilty and a judge sentenced him to two life terms.

ACCESS DENIED

PHOENIX—The ACLU has challenged an Arizona law that prohibits prisoners from contacting advocacy websites. Passed two years ago, the law targets sites that post inmate requests for pen pals or legal assistance. The state says the ban is necessary because inmates have used the Internet to solicit help for escapes and because the on-line profiles upset victims' families.

SAY AGAIN?

CLEVELAND—An off-duty cop working security at Jacobs Field overheard a fan loudly taunting unpopular Indians third baseman Russell Branyan about the size of his ass, among other things. The officer attempted to evict the heckler, but the man allegedly resisted. A judge sentenced the fan to a day in jail for disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. An appeals court overturned the conviction, citing insufficient evidence and the fact that "some in attendance might have shared his sentiment."

PITTSBURGH—When informed that she was driving on a suspended license, a woman pulled over by police for a traffic violation said, "Shit." Police arrested her for disorderly conduct and she spent the afternoon in jail. In a similar case, police arrested a college student who directed a profanity at a squad car that she said nearly hit her and another pedestrian. In both cases, judges dismissed the charges and the women sued, saying the department had violated their right to free speech. The first case is pending, but in the second one the student won \$5000.

THIGH HIGH

LAS VEGAS—After an 18-month sting that led to the arrests of 52 strippers on prostitution charges, Clark County banned dancers outside of Las Vegas from accepting tips in their G-strings or sitting on or touching the laps of patrons. At a public hearing to discuss enforcing this ordinance, a protestor told county officials: "You're confusing sex with titillation. You have some repressed sexual ideas." In response, an official banged her gavel and shouted, "I'm not doing this because of my sexual anything! I'm doing this because I think

it's right." The county had wanted to ban dancers from making any contact but then agreed to allow them to grind against legs.

SAY CHEESE

CINCINNATI—A photographer who said he wanted to document the cycles of life snapped pictures of corpses in the county morgue after placing various props (including sheet music, a shell, a key, a copy of Alice in Wonderland and an apple) on the bodies. When he took the film to a camera shop to be developed, the technicians alerted police. A jury convicted the photographer of abusing the corpses, and a judge sentenced him to two and a half years in prison. The judge called the photos, many of which show the faces of the dead, "the worst form of invasion of privacy."

SHAKEN UP

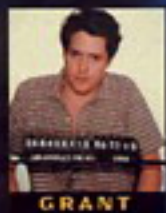
DALLAS—A Delta passenger waiting in her seat for the plane to take off heard her name called over the loudspeaker. A security agent escorted her to the tarmac, where he informed her something was shaking inside her luggage. The embarrassed woman explained that it was a vibrator she had purchased in Las Vegas. As other passengers watched from the windows, the agent



told the woman to remove the sex toy from her bag and hold it in the air. When she did, she says three Delta employees laughed and made "obnoxious and sexually harassing comments." The woman has sued the airline and wants at least \$15,000.

HOW TO SAVE Your ASS IN A SCANDAL

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI



GRANT



RYDER



CONDIT

It can happen to anyone. Maybe you're the head of a corporation. Or maybe you're a blonde media mogul whose name is, say, the imprimatur of good taste in every household in America. Or the archbishop of, say, a big diocese of one of the really big faiths. Or the invisible, exceptionally well-groomed head of a big-league accounting firm. Or the president of a country that's the world's only remaining superpower. Or the vice president of said superpower who doesn't feel comfortable talking about his heroic endeavors in the business world. Whatever it is, you have a good job. You're sitting in the warm summer of your life, planted in the big cushy lawn chair of accomplishment, luxuriating in rays of respectability, feeling the drowsy comfort of success and prosperity, when all of a sudden, some twerp out of left field heaves a big bag of shit at your fan. "What? No money? No worth? We're what? Insider trading? Interns? Altar boys? You're telling me people in the FBI in Minnesota and Arizona knew what?"

What's that? You're innocent? Sorry, nobody will buy it. Oh, innocentish. That's different. That's something we can work with. See, sooner or later, scandal comes to us all. We're all human. We all make mistakes. A recent study showed that if you put two people in a room and urge them to have a conversation, within 10 minutes 60 percent of them will tell a lie. Which means everybody deserves a good defense. Or a good excuse. Or a good exit strategy. That's what we're here to discuss: how to survive a scandal.

Because, rest assured, someday (no doubt sooner than you think), your hand will be caught in somebody else's cookie jar—or cash drawer, or silk skirt—and some part of this guide will prove to be very useful. So do not ask for whom the shit hits the fan. It hits for thee.



LAW



STEWART



SIMPSON

the RULES

WHEN CAUGHT SCREWING AROUND OR
SCREWING INVESTORS, LET THE DEFENSE
DICTATE THE TEMPO

RULE NO. 1 DENY, DENY, DENY.

This is the preferred strategy when evidence is scarce or nonexistent. Choose a short and succinct reply.

"Nope," "Didn't happen" or "Wasn't there" are good examples. Try to be of as little help as possible. Don't speculate why others thought you were there, gave the order or weren't wearing underpants. You don't know, and you don't know why anybody thinks you do.

Evidence is the crucial issue. In the old days, before cameras, tape recorders, computer records and DNA tests, denial was the gold standard strategy. Now, with so much proof of everything hanging around, it's harder to pull off. Some people manage. Hillary Clinton was able to sit in front of the Washington press corps and say with a straight face that her amazing luck trading cattle futures had nothing to do with being the wife of the governor. Denial, however, has consequences. George Herbert Walker Bush was a presidential hopeful when the Iran-contra scandal ran like wildfire through the administration of which he was vice president. Bush's famous, somewhat embarrassing, excuse for not knowing anything: He was **"OUT OF THE LOOP."** And since there was no record or recollection of his being in the loop, he was able to skate through. Using the excuse made him look something like a kumquat, but he survived.

RULE NO. 2 BURN THE TAPES.

This rule is to be adopted when you would prefer to follow Rule 1 but find yourself confronted with proof of your iniquity that seems inconveniently solid. The phrase burn the tapes is, of course, a reference to the Watergate scandal. Many people believe that in the absence of the Oval Office tapes—of actual recordings of Richard Nixon playing the same central role in the conspiracy to obstruct justice as Shaquille O'Neal does in the Lakers' triangle offense—Nixon would have walked. Therefore, he should have just burned the tapes. There are many times

when following this tip would have saved so much bacon. **BILL CLINTON SHOULD HAVE BURNED MONICA'S DRESS, THE ONE HE SO INCONVENIENTLY DRIBBLED ON.** Had himself a little bonfire. Of course, he would have had to send Betty Currie to the Gap to buy another sharp-looking outfit. But wouldn't that have been better than amassing all those legal bills? The burn-the-tapes strategy has its drawbacks, though. Arthur Andersen tried to destroy the Enron evidence, but there was too much of it and they were too indiscreet, and now they're in the toilet. On the other hand, we will probably never know if there were worse things they got away with.

COROLLARY TO RULE 2: Kill the witnesses. Or at least threaten to break their kneecaps. John Gotti beat one of the raps he faced when the accusing witness was struck with an expedient loss of memory. The witness lived, and Gotti walked.

RULE NO. 3 TRY TO GET PEOPLE TO BELIEVE IT WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE.

This is a tremendous strategy if you're basically an honest person and what you have committed is actually an honest mistake. During the NBA playoffs in 1993, Michael Jordan decided the best thing he could do with his free time was go gambling in Atlantic City. Well, it wasn't a smart move to put himself in proximity to professional gamblers, and it brought a lot of unwanted attention on his fondness for big wagers. But Jordan was smart enough not to get that particular spotlight off of him. **ADMITTING TO AN HONEST MISTAKE IS NOT ALWAYS A GOOD CHOICE, EVEN IF IT IS TRUE.**

If you have a reputation for dishonesty, for example, you can make honest mistakes all day long and nobody will believe you. There is no evidence that the Clintons did anything in Whitewater except make a bad investment, but not even their friends believe the story is that simple. In addition, if you have enemies, admitting to an honest mistake merely gives them ammunition. In 1995, House Majority Leader Dick Armey uttered one of the great Freudian slips of all time when he called Congressman Barney Frank, a gay man, Barney Fag. Armey claimed it was simply a slip of the tongue. Frank, in a gesture of magnanimity (or in a clever manipulation to gain a later advantage) acknowledged Armey's excuse without further drama, and Armey survived.

COROLLARY TO RULE 3: Sometimes the best PR is no PR. When Arthur Andersen chief executive Joe Berardino published an open letter in newspapers that admitted to certain mistakes—including that regrettable paper-shredding obstruction-of-justice thing—he was trying to head off a rush to judgment. Not only didn't the public buy it, but it also gave the other Big Five accounting firms a big boost in their campaign to poach clients from Andersen.

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Rule 3(a): Try to make believe it was a stupid mistake. It's hard to get people to admit they have been stupid, but it has two huge advantages. First, it's difficult for people to be judgmental of you; everybody makes stupid mistakes. Second, saying it was something stupid opens the possibility that you can learn from your mistake. Hugh Grant went on *The Tonight Show* and admitted that he had made a stupid mistake in shopping for an alfresco blow job, and he is still making movies.

Rule 4: When it becomes abundantly clear that you are surrounded by idiots, cop a plea. This is obviously the way to go if you are a small- to medium-size fish caught in a vast criminal conspiracy. You can't count on loyalty. There are exceptions, as we shall see, but your first thoughts should be to assume that you cannot count on anyone, that no one will protect you, that your boss will drop you like a hot potato, that your colleagues will sell you out—usually for self-protection but sometimes just for sport. John Dean recognized it. Sammy "the Bull" Gravano recognized it. Diana Brooks of Sotheby's recognized it. So obvious is this strategy that you have to wonder why so many Clinton loyalists—Webster Hubbell, Betty Currie, Susan McDougal and, of course, Monica Lewinsky—didn't recognize it. Maybe they really didn't have anything to tell. Or maybe they were just following Clinton's example. Remember, Clinton could have made some sort of settlement with Paula Jones early on in her suit. In retrospect, the terms proposed—a vague admission of some kind of misunderstanding, possibly combined with the payment of a small amount of cash—seem like a bargain compared with what ensued. High-level plea-copping can work. Ronald Reagan got through Iran-contra when at a crucial juncture he got up before the nation and acknowledged that "mistakes were made." It cost him a lot of the prestige he had built up during his presidency, but he wasn't impeached.

Corollary to Rule 4: Don't make the apology worse than the crime. If you're going to make an apology, try to look like you mean it—and pick the right time to do it. In August 1998, after Clinton testified before the grand jury, he made a statement on national television in which he admitted some guilt, and then attacked his accusers. What a blunder. At a moment when even some prominent Republicans were willing to let him off the hook, his defiance got them stirred up again. After the Catholic cardinals went to visit the Pope in April, they scheduled a press conference to talk about the steps they would take against abusive priests. They sat

there and pondered—in front of reporters!—what they'd do with a priest who had succumbed to temptation only once. At a moment when people wanted the cardinals to come across like Mr. District Attorney, they acted like the ACLU.

Rule 4(a): Cop a plea, but minimize. When you cop a plea, use the opportunity to minimize the significance of the crime. Call it "that mistake," or "this thing I have done" or a "mechanical breakdown." Students, take note: When historian Doris Kearns Goodwin was recently accused of plagiarizing material in one of her early books, she used all three of these excuses while invoking Rule 3. (It's interesting that around the same time Goodwin was accused, the equally eminent historian Stephen Ambrose was also accused of plagiarism. He, too, blamed mechanics.)

Rule 5: The buck stops here. Nothing ends a scandal faster than somebody's taking responsibility for it. When Kennedy took the rap for the Bay of Pigs, he earned more respect than the debacle had cost him. Damage from roasting David Koresh and the Branch Davidians at Waco crested when Janet Reno took all of the blame. Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North managed to pull off an incredible combo of Rules 4 and 5 when, during the Iran-contra hearings, he admitted everything he did while laying the blame squarely on everybody else in the administration. Of course, this isn't an option open to everyone. Ken Lay can't really stand up and admit to defrauding the Enron stockholders. Gary Winnick can't really say, "Yeah, I used Global Crossing as my personal cash cow." So if the buck can't stop here, you have to get it to stop somewhere else. That's when it's time to invoke Rule 5(a).

Rule 5(a): Blame your subordinates. This strategy works best if you use it early in the scandal. But the strategy won't work if things have festered too long. Nixon tried to head off Watergate by losing Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Dean, but he acted too late. Cardinal Bernard Law said in his deposition that he relied on the advice of psychiatrists and other experts and left it up to assistants to handle accusations against priests. That excuse could work in a few instances, but it doesn't fly after years and years of trouble. (However, see Rule 9.) It also doesn't work if the problem is too far-reaching. If blaming a subordinate isn't enough, move on to Rule 5(b).

Rule 5(b): Take a scalp. This is a wonderful tradition in the military. If your troops lose too many battles, you're gone. Presidents often employ this strategy. Bush #1 fired his chief of

staff John Sununu when he got into minor trouble for using government planes for personal trips. Bill Clinton dumped the useful Dick Morris when he was caught shrimping with a hooker. Taking a scalp sates our blood lust. But while it's often essential to take a scalp, you have to do it without breaking Rule 5(c).

Rule 5(c): Don't fire a guy who can put you in jail. The John Dean rule. It's that famous axiom: It's better to have someone in the tent pissing out than to have someone outside the tent pissing in. As Oliver North put it in congressional hearings, he was perfectly willing to be the fall guy for the Iran-contra mess—"For whoever necessary. For the administration, for the president, for however high up the chain they need someone to say, 'That's the guy who did it, and he's gone, and now we've put that behind us and let's get on with other things.'" North's thinking changed abruptly when he learned that the scapegoat would face criminal charges. At that point, he stopped shredding and decided to take home his personal spiral notebooks to protect himself. Perhaps this example explains why Bush the younger hasn't canned someone like CIA Director George Tenet for the intelligence failures leading up to September 11. No doubt W. thought it was more important to stick with Rule 5(d).

Rule 5(d): Circle the wagons. One bad thing during a time of crisis is to have people in your camp using the crisis to further their own agendas. It's not good when the FBI and the CIA blame each other for September 11. It's not good when conservative Catholics blame gay priests for molesting children, or when liberal Catholics blame celibacy. Or when internal auditors point the finger at you, the chief executive officer. Learning to circle the wagons is the key to having a long run: The WASP power elite, the Kennedys, the Mafia, the old-time studio executives, the Catholic Church, the British monarchy—all were able to keep a lid on trouble. We Take Care of Our Own is a credo that takes a lot of discipline to pull off, but it can work.

Rule 6: Be sincere or learn how to fake it. This is a major rule, one that applies no matter which other strategies you choose to follow. O.J. Simpson waltzed out of jail because some people wanted to believe him. We may never know how little or how much Gary Condit did to Chandra Levy, but his inability to project any sincere concern, grief or sorrow has left him convicted of anything and everything people accuse him of. Condit was never convicted

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SAVE YOUR ASS

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in a court of law, but he was hung by Connie Chung.

Rule 7: Go on the offensive. Scandals are usually won with defense, but a good offense throws the attackers off balance and pressures them into mistakes. Some of the best ways to go on the offensive are: **Create a sideshow.** (Both Nixon and Clinton raised questions of executive privilege, to which Clinton added questions about Secret Service privilege, as well as choosing to lob cruise missiles at Osama bin Laden at the time of his grand jury testimony and at Saddam Hussein in the middle of House impeachment proceedings.) **Blame the victim.** (When Merrill Lynch was accused of giving positive recommendations for companies that its analysts thought were dogs while simultaneously pocketing fees for selling their stocks, the Sunday morning apologists said, in effect, "Why would anybody in their right mind trust what a salesman says?") **Attack the accusers.** (Microsoft says those who accuse it of monopolistic practices are just jealous, whiny losers.) **Muddy the waters.** (Jim Cramer's response to accusations that he engaged in some shady practices to get an edge was to say, "I was the kind of scummer who does everything legal he can to make money.")

Rule 8: Make people afraid of you. Nobody in American history has been better at damage control than J. Edgar Hoover. He had the files, and he made it clear he could use them. He was so effective that it wasn't until he was dead that most of his transgressions were revealed. Even then, a loyal secretary spent days after his death destroying files—see Rule 2—so we'll never know just how much he got away with.

Corollary to Rule 8: Remind people why they like you. Call in your chits. If you have lived a pretty good life, they might be enough to save you. If not, remind

Arthur Andersen that you've paid them \$52 million. But never overestimate your influence in high places—particularly your pull with politicians. George W. hung Ken Lay out to dry and never shed a tear.

Rule 9: Invoke mumbo jumbo. Cardinal Law didn't quite pull it off, but he was on the right track. If you can invoke with some assurance a little scientific or scholarly or legal mumbo jumbo to explain or excuse what you've done, you have a decent chance of getting away. For years, people in Silicon Valley would tell you about Microsoft's predatory business practices. In court, Microsoft was able to get everybody talking about browsers and code and a lot of other technical hoo-ha; now they've essentially beaten the rap. And O.J. Simpson got off the hook as soon as his lawyers got everybody wandering into the murky world of DNA-speak.

Rule 10: Keep your eye on the ball. It's important not to lose track of what you should most be afraid of. Gary Condit never acted like a man trying to get away with murder. He acted like a man who was trying to get away with having an affair, and later, like a man who wanted to preserve his political life. So instead of making himself look innocent of something he probably really was innocent of, he tried, not very capably, to make himself look innocent of things he really did. It cost him big-time. In the same way, if you've contained the scandal, keep it contained. Lawyers for the Catholic Church paid off victims and got them to sign nondisclosure agreements. It's the sort of thuggish things lawyers do, and it didn't do much for the victims' psychological well-being. But from the Church's point of view, it contained the problem. Then the bishops went and re-assigned the creepy priests to other parishes, snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. It's a scandal.



"Some holiday traditions never get old."

THE CORPORATE FACE OF SCANDAL

BOSS AND COMPANY KENNETH LAY OF ENRON

MODEST START: Son of a Baptist preacher.
PUBLIC STORY: Almost anything can be financialized. Enron no longer has to be a stupid old profitable energy supplier. It can be an incredible trading company that buys and sells natural gas, electricity, water, coal, fiber-optic capacity, weather derivatives, even newsprint.

REAL STORY: If we keep making deals, no one will notice that we're losing billions on a lot of these harebrained ventures.

PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Two \$6 million Aspen homes, plus a \$4 million Aspen "cottage."

ACHILLES' HEEL: "An overweening pride," says a former Enron executive, "which led people to believe they could handle increasingly exotic risk without danger."

WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Signed long-term contracts to deliver goods and reported all the income from the deals in the first year. It created shell entities to hide the debt, collateralized with Enron stock. This kept the books looking good. But when the debts rose and stock prices fell, the Ponzi scheme was exposed.

COMPENSATION: Lay made \$205 million in stock-option profits during Enron's last four years alone.



BOSS AND COMPANY JOHN RIGAS OF ADELPHIA

MODEST START: Son of Greek immigrants.

PUBLIC STORY: Bring cable television to the masses.

REAL STORY: Get better prices by inventing the masses.

PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Likes hockey so much he bought the Buffalo Sabres.

ACHILLES' HEEL: Invited his whole family to pig out at the trough. "I really believe what we did was completely acceptable," Rigas said.

WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Made up cable television subscribers to fatten financial reports and used Enronesque accounting to make the debt disappear from the balance sheet. For example, Adelphia overpaid \$26 per cable box, then charged suppliers \$26 apiece for marketing support, thereby padding cash flow by \$91 million.

WHAT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH: Running a large public company like a

candy store, with family dipping into the till.

COMPENSATION: The company eventually collapsed under the weight of \$2.3 billion worth of off-balance-sheet loans to members of the Rigas family.



BOSS AND COMPANY DENNIS KOZLOWSKI OF TYCO

MODEST START: Son of a Newark cop.

PUBLIC STORY: Wanted to be remembered as a combination of

Jack Welch and Warren Buffett. Now Kozlowski will be remembered for having Jimmy Buffett flown in to play at his wife's birthday party in Sardinia (Tyco picked up half the tab).

REAL STORY: More, more, more, more for me.

PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Motorcycles, four homes (one with a \$6000 shower curtain), small pieces of the Nets and Devils and, most fatally, fine art.

ACHILLES' HEEL: Hated spending his own dough. Charged with evading the payment of \$1 million in sales tax on \$13 million worth of art that he was getting the company to pay for anyway.

WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH:

As long as he got results—or as long as he might get results—the company would pay him anything. His \$17 million Manhattan apartment and his home in Boca Raton were purchased with company money. But now, it turns out, he took a tiny bit more on the side. The SEC says Kozlowski used \$242 million from an employee loan program to buy goodies. Tyco is suing him for \$730 million.

COMPENSATION: In his last three years with Tyco, his total haul was at least \$345 million.



BOSS AND COMPANY BERNIE EBBERS OF WORLD.COM

MODEST START:

Worked as a teenage milkman and bar bouncer.

PUBLIC STORY: "Our goal is to be the number one stock on Wall

Street." And, "whichever way will make shareholders rich is the course we will choose."

REAL STORY: Folksy hick act wasn't an act.

PERSONAL INDULGENCE: A yacht named *Aquasition*, a 500,000-acre ranch in British Columbia.

ACHILLES' HEEL: Frugality. When the company started losing money, he ordered workers "to stop watering Worldcom's plants and let them die to save money." He also installed video cameras to time employee breaks.

WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Hid operating costs in capital costs, which made it seem that the company was far more profitable than it was, which inflated stock prices.

WHAT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH: Stupid accounting tricks. Company had to adjust prior earnings as a result of falsely classifying \$3.8 billion of expenses as assets.

COMPENSATION: Borrowed \$366 million from Worldcom as it sunk underwater. During his last three years on the job, took home \$20 million in cash compensation plus \$163 million in long-term option grants.

BOSS AND COMPANY GARY WINNICK OF GLOBAL CROSSING

MODEST START: Father's food-service equipment company went bankrupt.

PUBLIC STORY: Lay undersea fiber-optic cable to link continents and reinvent the telecommunications industry.

REAL STORY: Any company with a huge market value, even if it has a teeny cash flow, can be soaked in 60 different ways.

PERSONAL INDULGENCE: A modern-day Xanadu in Bel Air.

ACHILLES' HEEL: Reckless, profligate spender.

WHAT THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH:

As long as the company's value was high, Winnick could keep getting investors to put up more capital, and he could get paid. His holding company in one year received \$7.2 million from Global Crossing for services rendered—while he was also being paid \$2.8 million for being chairman! He put Global Crossing's headquarters in a building that he owned, then generously charged the company \$400,000 a month in rent.

COMPENSATION: Winnick cashed out \$735 million in stock before it tanked.



BOSS AND COMPANY MARTHA STEWART OF MARTHA STEWART LIVING OMNIMEDIA

MODEST START: The daughter of Polish immigrants.

PUBLIC STORY: Become the consummate arbiter of American taste.

REAL STORY: Living above all rules.

PERSONAL INDULGENCE: Six properties, including one in East Hampton and a Manhattan apartment (she has 20 kitchens to choose from). Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia pays yearly rental fee of \$2 million to use her homes as sets on various shows and in her magazine.

ACHILLES' HEEL: Greed.

WHAT THE COMPANY DID: Nothing. She, on the other hand, may have engaged in insider trading. She sold her 3928 shares of ImClone, the day before the FDA issued a ruling adverse to ImClone, which caused its stock price to drop.

COMPENSATION: Stewart sold the ImClone stock for \$227,000. If she had sold it after the announcement, she would have missed an opportunity to profit. But even if she lost it all, it would still be chump change to the megamillions she is worth.



the Quiz

1. AFTER TYCO'S DENNIS KOZLOWSKI BOUGHT SOME RENOIRS AND MONETS, HE HAD THEM SHIPPED TO HIS APARTMENT IN NEW YORK. WHAT WAS IN THE BOXES HE HAD SHIPPED TO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE TO DODGE NEW YORK SALES TAX? a. Gauguins and Manets b. his old Farrah Fawcett posters c. crack. d. air

2. GARY WINNICK CHARGED HIS COMPANY, GLOBAL CROSSING, \$3.8 MILLION FOR OFFICE RENOVATIONS. WHAT DID HIS FINISHED OFFICE LOOK LIKE? a. Versailles b. the Taj Mahal c. the Oval Office d. Hef's bedroom

3. WHEN MARTHA STEWART APPEARED ON CBS AND SAID, "I WILL BE EXONERATED OF ANY RIDICULOUSNESS," SHE WAS HOLDING TWO THINGS. ONE WAS A CHOPPING KNIFE. WHAT WAS THE OTHER? a. Jane Clayson's throat b. her broker's balls c. the head of the DA's favorite racehorse d. a cabbage

4. IN JANUARY 2001, ENRON'S STOCK WAS TRADING AT \$83, CLOSE TO ITS ALL-TIME HIGH OF \$90. WHAT DID BOSS JEFFREY SKILLING SAY IT WAS REALLY WORTH? a. \$126 b. beans c. \$100 d. the sweat off his balls

5. WHO AMONG THE FOLLOWING DID NOT HAVE TO RECUSE HIMSELF FROM INVESTIGATIONS INTO ENRON BECAUSE OF TIES TO THE COMPANY OR ITS OFFICIALS? a. U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft, who received campaign cash from Enron b. Texas attorney general John Cornyn, who received campaign cash from Enron c. the entire office of the U.S. Attorney in Houston d. the DA on "Law and Order"

6. WHAT DID ENRON KINGPIN KEN LAY SAY WHEN JEFFREY SKILLING RESIGNED IN AUGUST 2001, NOT LONG BEFORE THE BIG CRASH? a. "I see a bad moon rising." b. "The sky is falling, the sky is falling." c. "You're going to need a bigger boat." d. "I've never felt better about the company."

7. ACCORDING TO "TIME" MAGAZINE, WHICH OF ENRON'S CREATIVE MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES DID THE FEDS CHOOSE TO OVERLOOK (FOR NOW)? a. declaring itself the sovereign state of Enron and not liable under U.S. law b. shipping Texas textbooks to the French Foreign Legion c. selling a lot of magic mushrooms and walking into the Looking Glass d. offering pornography via the Internet

8. WHAT IS GEORGE W. BUSH'S NICKNAME FOR KEN LAY? a. Kenny Boy b. Dipshit c. History d. Who?

9. WHAT WAS ONE OF THE FAVORITE WAYS AN ENRON TRADER COULD SPEND HIS LUNCH HOUR? a. read "The Wall Street Journal" to keep up with business b. watch CNBC to keep up with business c. invent a shell company in which to hide hundreds of millions of dollars in debt d. go to Treasures, a "gentlemen's club," flash a company credit card and buy a \$575 bottle of Cristal to take into the VIP Room with a \$1000 stripper

10. AFTER R. KELLY WAS CHARGED WITH VIDEOTAPING HIMSELF HAVING SEX WITH A MINOR, HE RELEASED A SINGLE. WHAT WAS IT CALLED? a. "Heaven, I Need a Hug" b. "Heaven, I Need Johnnie Cochran" c. "Heaven, I Need to Make Friends With Some Really Big Guys Who Will Protect My Ass in Prison" d. "Thank Heaven for Little Girls"

11. AFTER HER ARREST FOR SHOPLIFTING IN A LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT STORE, WINONA RYDER APPEARED ON THE COVER OF A MAGAZINE WEARING A T-SHIRT. WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SHIRT? a. Free Winona b. Cheap Winona c. Guilty Winona d. What Ever Happened to Winona?





"Frigid masses of Arctic air are descending and we recommend that all travelers stay put until New Year's."



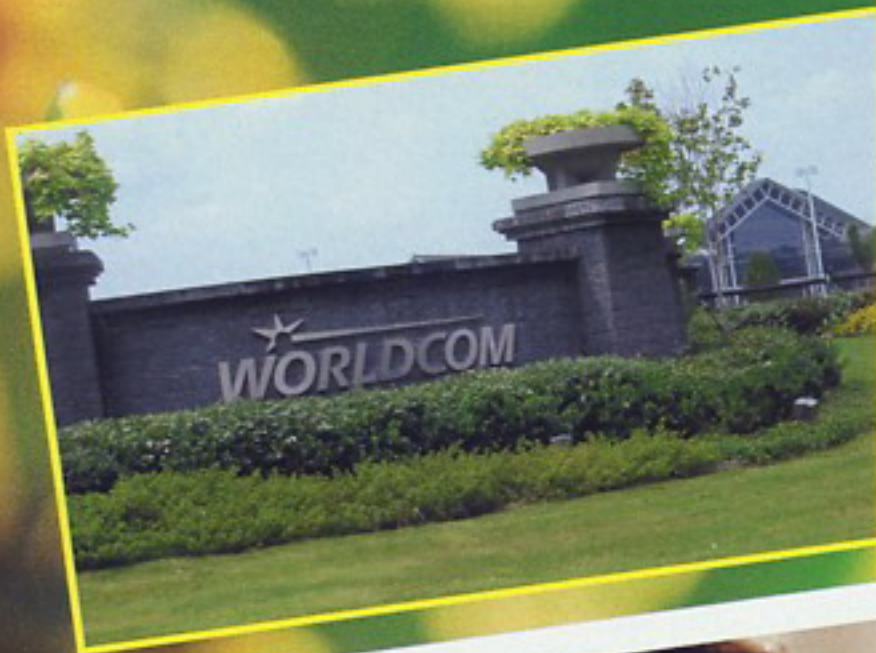
WOMEN OF WORLD COM

we placed a conference call with the girls who go ring-a-ding-ding

Worldcom's business plan was to lay huge amounts of cable. That had us all thinking—emerging growth. Alas, the bigwigs managed to misstate \$7 billion in profits. Fortunately—as with many corporations—the core value at Worldcom is its personnel. With the company in bankruptcy, we decided to uncover its underlying assets and strip its human resources. These telecom employees really ring our bell—and there's no way to overstate their nicely balanced ledgers. Forget Lifo-Fifo. These girls are boffo.



This page: Here's Mina Greco getting out of her work clothes. She left Worldcom's Chicago office for a job in banking. The roller-coaster ride doesn't bother Mina—she likes to gamble. "Anything that deals with poker, I love." (Must help to have been dealt such a nice pair of aces.) Things worked out well for former global account manager Michelle Nichols, opposite page. "The day Worldcom announced its bankruptcy I got calls from two competitors. So I went and interviewed with them and got offers from both."



This page, above: Sabrina Kassim is part of Worldcom's Toronto team—she's a technical support specialist. She's also a true Renaissance woman. To keep her body in shape she practices Kundalini yoga and works out. To keep her brain nimble she's taken up chess. And, just for the hell of it, she recently got her motorcycle license and hit the tarmac on a Ninja 500R. Left: Shannon Lea gives a Southern belle smile, North Carolina-style. Don't let her fool you, though—a stint in the Army prior to catching on with Worldcom means she can kick your ass. Opposite page, at left: Statuesque Leanna Rizkalla is in organization development. That's in-house consultant to you and me. Through all of Worldcom's travails, she's still impressed with its employees. "We have such great talent," she says. Roger that. She's also a fitness buff. "I lift weights and do aerobics and I'm into rock climbing. I unwind by working out. It's where I go to think. I'm really intense—so I'm a great workout partner." And she has a master's degree, so you better be able to hold up your end of a conversation while you sweat. Above right is Mavia Nygard. "I miss my job at Worldcom," she says. "I worked in the most incredible building in Sacramento—it was the highest, most prestigious building and we were right at the top." These days Mavia is getting herself ready to enroll in the police academy, fulfilling a life-long dream. Below right is Crystal Walent, from Worldcom's Virginia offices. She is another woman who likes to get physical—she's into working out and playing volleyball.





Above left is Blue Summers, from the Worldcom Phoenix office. "I love the hot weather," she says. "You can wear whatever you want here—you're never going to get goose bumps." Funny, we're feeling all prickly. Above is Shellie Sloan, a financial analyst at the company's Mississippi headquarters. Former chief executive Bernie Ebbers was based there, too. "We used to see him a lot," says Shellie. At left is April Sampson, from the Newport Beach office. She is into skydiving and cliff jumping. "I love a thrill—especially in bed." Opposite page: Candace Miller works in the Maryland office. "I am not shy," she says. "I like the skimpy look—cute little outfits." Thank God for transparent accounting.



CASH IN WITH MORE WOMEN OF
WORLD.COM AT THE PLAYBOY VIDEO
JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



"I give him the same thing every year. I just wrap it a little differently."

CELEBRITY

Christmas Carols

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER



GEORGE W. BUSH

(To the tune of *It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas*)

It's beginning to look a lot like this is
Not the job for me:

The stock market's turned to shit,
The Arabs and Jews won't quit,
Old business pals are public enemies.

From health care to crime to global warming,
Stuff's just so complex.
The media's in my face,
Saddam is still in place;
At least when Clinton worked here, he got sex.

Merry Christmas, although I can't be joyful
'Cause of this dang war.
My poll numbers, getting soft,
And Congress now blows me off,
I just get so sore,
I'm beginning to think the real winner... was Gore.

JOHN ASHCROFT

(To the tune of *Good King Wenceslas*)

Good thing Bush is president,
Or I'd have no work now.
Right wing thinks I'm heaven-sent,
Most think I'm a jerk, though.
Got no time for Christmas glee,
Major trouble's brewing:
Voters catching on that I'd
Give their rights a screwing.

Evildoers rear their heads?
Here is my solution:
Give handguns to everyone,
Suspend the Constitution.
Terrorism's vile 'cause it
Means I can't apportion
Funds to fight the things I'd like:
Drugs, porn and abortion.



KEN LAY

(To the tune of *Joy to the World*)

I ruled the world, as Enron's lord,
Now my dick is in a sling.
Employees that I sacrificed
Can't wait to squeal, they want me iced.
My name's mud, so's my cred,
One friend blew off his head,
And half of my staff was in a *PLAYBOY* spread.

Screw Christmas cheer; I've none to give.
I'm pissed, and righteously.
We're down to just one mansion now,
Must beat the rap but don't know how.
The cruelest irony
Is that they might jail me
While letting Dick Cheney walk around scot-free.



MARTHA STEWART

(To the tune of *All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth*)

All I want for Christmas is my good name back,
My stock price up and in the black.
Must restore my precious moneymaking knack
In time to rake it in at Christmas.

(Chorus)

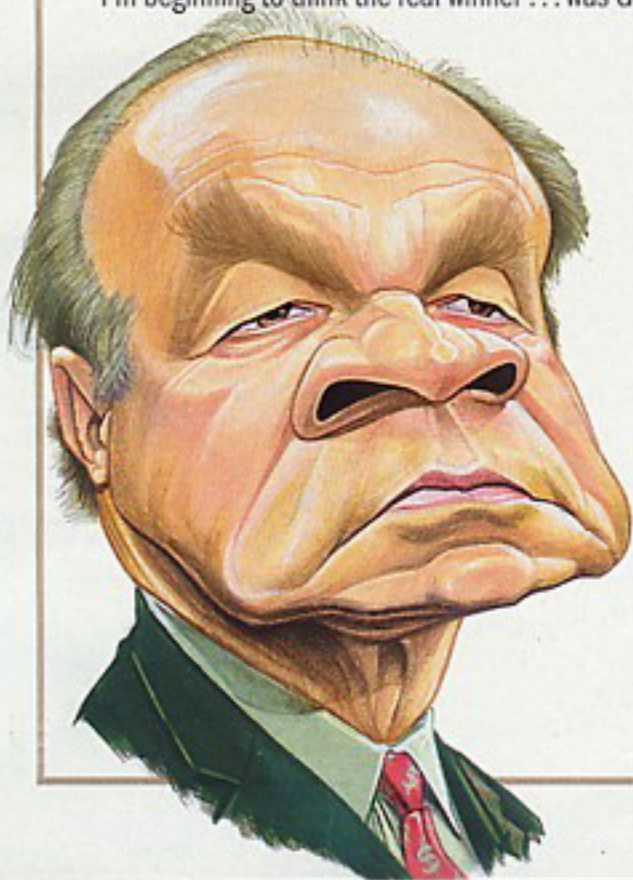
Kmart crashed. (They owe me cash!)
And then my name's commercial worth was tramped on
By that fink in Martha Inc.
Thank God no one who cares lives in the Hamptons.

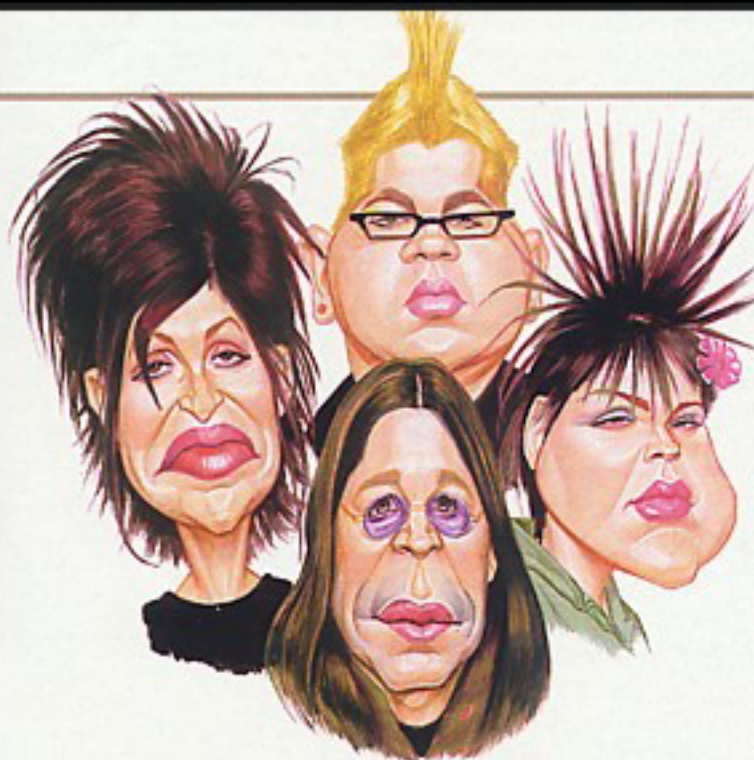
Just because I sold a little ImClone stock
They want to lock me up! A crock!
If it's wrong to profit off of "inside talk,"
What's the point of being an insider?

(Chorus)

Talk show hosts make such cruel jokes:
"Bet her cell will be the prison's cleanest."
My heart breaks! (Though you can make
Very clever place mats from subpoenas.)

If the bastards out to get me win, oh dear,
I'll soon appear, I greatly fear,
In *Martha Stewart Living in the Joint* next year!
And damn those who say that "It's a good thing."





THE OSBOURNES

(To the tune of *Deck the Halls*)
Rock the halls with sounds unholy,
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la-la.
Both kids stoned, Oz fucked on Stoli,
Bladda-bladda-blah da-bla da-bla.
Screams and curses, shrieks and braying,
Wallawa, wallawa, wa-wa-wa.
Censors freak: "Fuck, what's he saying?"
Jabber-jabber-jabber, ha-ha-ha.

Biggest MTV show ever,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la la-la.
Even Dan Quayle thinks we're clever,
Golly-golly-golly ga-ga-ga.
No sitcom has got what we have,
Rah-rah-rah, rah-rah-rah, rah rah rah.
Think of *Family Ties* in rehab,
Yada-yada-yada, yo-ma-ma.

Twenty mil for masturbating?
Hama-hama-hama, ha-ma-ha.
Fuck hell yes we're celebrating,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la la-la.
If Claus shows up, he'll get shit, son,
Santa-ha, Santa-ha, San-ta-ha
We'll bite the head off fucking Blitzen,
Shagga-ragga-flapfl-grgl-pflurggenshlablpxkl. . .

CARDINAL LAW

(To the tune of *What Child Is This*)
What child is this who makes such claims
In an evidentiary hearing?
He's wrong! He lies! Oh, damn his thighs!
(Someone tell Father Flynn to stop leering.)

(Chorus)
Why? Why are we so reviled?
(Like no Methodist ever groped a child!)
We just blew their sins away;
I don't get it, why all the excitement?

We're booed and sassed while we're saying Mass,
Our donations lag, there's such fury.
Bed just one lad, and they sue your ass,
And there's Baptists and Jews on the jury.

(Chorus)
Pray, pray on Christmas day
That God will make it all go away.
Hope your New Year's dreams come true—
I've got just one: Avoid an indictment.



MIKE PIAZZA

(To the tune of *Let It Snow*)
Oh the rumor mill was a drag; it
Claimed I was a faggot.
There goes my endorsement dough!
It ain't so, it ain't so, it ain't so.
Gay gossip's the worst, you betcha,
When you're well known as "a catcher."
But bubblegum's all I blow!
I've no beau, I've no beau, I've no beau.

(Chorus)
I denied all these lies, and how,
Though it made me feel just like a slut.
At least, in the clubhouse now,
The guys keep hands off my butt.

Hope your Christmas lights are twinkling.
As for who's gay, I've no inkling.
(Ask Clemens, I hear he sews.)
I'm no 'mo, I'm no 'mo, I'm no 'mo.

DICK CHENEY

(To the tune of *We Three Kings*)
Briefly, things are coming apart.
SEC's just getting too smart.
Halliburton
Could mean curtains;
This can't be good for my heart.

(Chorus)
Ohh, George and I played fast and loose
Back in Texas, now our goose
May be cooking; press is looking
Into things, I smell a noose.

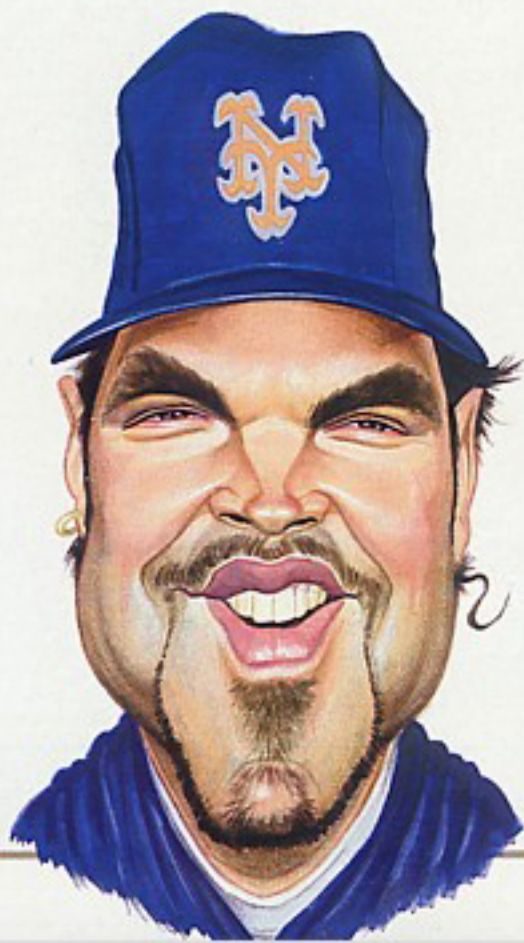
Who'll get nailed? Not Dubya, not him.
I'm the fall guy, his "evil twin."
If, come Christmas,
I've been dismissed,
They tossed me to save his skin.

WINONA RYDER

(To the tune of *Jingle Bells*)
Christmas hell, in a cell?
Nuts, I'll cop a plea.
Given roles I've chosen,
I could plead insanity.
Bad enough, getting cuffed,
But what's really sick,
I went from *Little Women* to
Some mindless Sandler flick.

(Chorus)
Shopping Saks one day,
Made one small mistake:
Didn't think to pay.
Now can't get a break.
The problem is, I live
In Hollywood, you see:
I thought the rule was if you are
A movie star, stuff's free.

Joy to you, and me too;
Have a great New Year.
I just hope my record won't
Take down my whole career.
Word's around: In this town
I've become a bane.
Not 'cause I got busted—
'Cause I make Anne Heche look sane.





Hollywood's Unsolved mysteries

by
Steve Pond

This is Los Angeles. Begin at 39th Street and Norton Avenue. Houses now occupy the once-vacant lot where the body of Elizabeth Short was dumped in 1947. She wanted to be a star, ended up a corpse. The Black Dahlia, they called her.

Head toward downtown to Westlake. What's now a parking lot is where movie director William Desmond Taylor was shot. Don't ask who was holding the gun—maybe the mom of ingenue Mary Miles Minter. Too bad the studio got to the scene before the cops.

In Hollywood is the former home of veteran character actor Victor Kilian. In March 1979 Kilian filmed a guest shot on the TV series "All in the Family"; shortly thereafter he was beaten to death in his apartment. The police never found the killer. Another character actor who guested on the same sitcom episode, Charles Wagenheim, was beaten to death in a separate incident. That murder is unsolved.

Not far away, just off the Hollywood Freeway, is a Scientology building that used to belong to Eleanor Ince, the widow of pioneering movie producer Thomas Ince. He died shortly after a weekend cruise on William Randolph Hearst's yacht. Rumors say Hearst shot Ince and then gave that building to Mrs. Ince to keep her quiet. This is Hollywood, so you never know.

Was it murder? (clockwise, starting lower left) George Reeves wasn't invincible. Did Mary Miles Minter kill William Desmond Taylor? Marilyn Monroe died at home; Natalie Wood (with Robert Wagner) drowned; Robert Blake is in court, and Thomas Ince's "heart attack" still raises questions.



Who really killed Superman? Marilyn Monroe? Here are the celebrity murder cases that won't die

The Los Angeles Police Department calls them cold cases, but unsolved murders are still hot properties in Hollywood—and so are other cases whose official solutions leave tantalizing unanswered questions. The death of *Hogan's Heroes* star Bob Crane (officially unsolved) is the subject of the new movie *Auto Focus*; the death of silent movie producer Thomas Ince was the subject of the movie *The Cat's Meow* last spring. New books emerge every few months, while television shows such as *E True Hollywood Story* tap into the rich currents of sin, violence and skulduggery that course through Tinseltown.

"Cases can get bizarre in Hollywood," says Richard Kalk, a 30-year LAPD detective who now heads the LA Police Historical Society. "They also get bizarre in Rampart, but you don't keep hearing about those."

Make no mistake, you keep hearing about the ones in Hollywood—sometimes with curious echoes sounding through the years, tying old scandals to newer ones. Case in point: In 1981 Natalie Wood drowned mysteriously, apparently after trying to board a small dinghy late one alcohol-soaked night off Catalina Island.

One of Wood's friends and co-stars said of her death, "The Natalie that I knew, there was not enough alcohol on this planet to get her drunk enough to have anything to do with a rubber dinghy, in the dark, in the ocean." Twenty years later, that same co-star found himself cooking up an

"Cases can get bizarre in Hollywood. They also get bizarre in Rampart, but you don't keep hearing about those."

equally improbable scenario on his own behalf: Robert Blake had to go back into the restaurant where he'd just eaten dinner with his wife, he explained, because he'd left his gun at the table. But when he got back to the car, he found his wife in the front seat dying of a gunshot wound.

When you're dealing with deaths from the earlier days of Hollywood, it can be virtually impossible to ferret out the truth from the morass of corruption and cover-up that used to occur in Los Angeles. Politicians were routinely on the take, racketeers had free-reign and motion picture studio executives controlled the press and

Police claim Robert Blake used a Walther P-38 military 9mm handgun to kill his wife.

routinely covered up the dalliances and excesses of their biggest stars.

"In the Twenties and Thirties, the LAPD was definitely corrupt," says Kalk. "I'm willing to bet that if somebody from Paramount went up to an officer on the scene and said, 'Here's \$50, kid, let me look at the body, he's my best friend,' it was done."

In no particular order, and with the caveat that facts can be elusive things, here are eight Hollywood deaths that continue to be big box office:

BLACK DEATH

Leading lady: Aspiring actress Elizabeth Short, a.k.a. the Black Dahlia.

Untimely death: Tortured and cut in half around January 14, 1947.

Usual suspects: Everyone from Orson Welles to anonymous drifters.

Back story: Elizabeth Short was a 22-year-old brunette who came to Los Angeles from Medford, Massachusetts to be an actress. She usually dressed in black, and friends began to call her the Black Dahlia, in a nod to the 1946 film *The Blue Dahlia*. She was last seen at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles on January 9.

Gory details: Six days later—days that remain largely unaccounted for—her nude body was discovered in a vacant lot near 39th Street and Norton Avenue. Short's arms, legs and breasts bore deep cuts and other signs of torture. Abrasions around the wrists and ankles showed that she had been tied up; a razor had been



used to cut Short's face nearly from ear to ear into a gruesome, mocking smile. After the killing, the body had been meticulously cleaned and drained of blood.

Whodunit: Some observers believe Short simply angered a man who had never murdered before. Other theories abound, speculating that the killer was Short's father or a

Elizabeth Short (left) is far better known as the Black Dahlia. In happier days, she spent time with her mother (below, left). Cops ponder the scene of the crime (below).



deranged Hollywood abortionist. In one particularly far-fetched scenario, Mary Pacios, an old friend of Short's, accused Orson Welles of the crime, claiming the actor-director was mentally unstable. She also claimed that he liked to saw women in half during his magic act and before the murder had designed a set for *The Lady From Shanghai* featuring mutilated corpses that resembled Short's dead body. Screenwriter Ben Hecht suggested that the murderer was a woman, a theory prompted by police leaks suggesting that Short may have had an abnormally small vagina that prevented her from having sex with men. In 1995 Janice Knowlton published a book claiming that her father—a foundry worker who lived in Westminster—had killed Short in



JACK ANDERSON WILSON

her family's garage and that she had "repressed" the memory for years. Police dismissed her theory.

Perhaps the strongest suspect turned out to be a drifter who went by a variety of aliases but whose real name was Jack Anderson Wilson. In the early Eighties Wilson described the killing in detail to writer John Gilmore (saying he was only repeating what he had been told by an acquaintance), but before he could be questioned by the police, Wilson died in his downtown Los Angeles hotel room, burning to death in a fire of unknown origin. The DA's office concluded, "that were this suspect alive, an intensive inquiry would be recommended."



VIRGINIA RAPPE

A GREAT INJUSTICE

Leading lady: Actress Virginia Rappe.

Untimely death: Peritonitis, which was brought about by a ruptured bladder, in San Francisco, September 1921.

Usual suspects: The comedian Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, a botched abortion.

Back story: A huge man with huge appetites, Fatty Arbuckle invited some friends to San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel on Labor Day weekend to celebrate his new three-year, \$3 million contract with Paramount Pictures.

"Rappe fell to the floor and began screaming during Arbuckle's party. She was taken to the hospital and died four days later."

The party reportedly turned into three days of debauchery, including plenty of bootleg liquor, nude dancing and sexual activity.

Gory details: Virginia Rappe reportedly fell to the bathroom floor and at some point began screaming during Arbuckle's party. She was taken to the hospital and died four days later. A friend at the party, Maude Delmont, claimed that Rappe had blamed Arbuckle for her condition, and the San Francisco district attorney charged Arbuckle with murder.

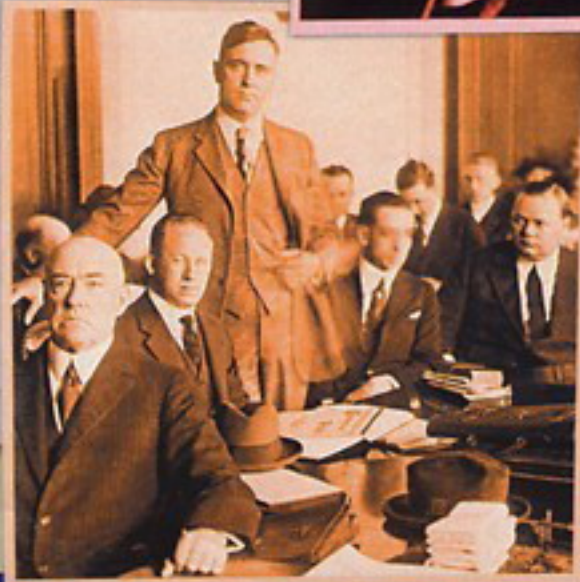
Whodunit: According to one theory in Kenneth Anger's seamy *Holly-*

wood Babylon, Arbuckle took Rappe into a bedroom, unsuccessfully attempted to have sex with her and then caused her injuries by ravishing her with either a Coca-Cola or champagne bottle. More credible reports suggest Arbuckle tried to help the actress and simply became a useful target for Delmont, a woman with a history of extortion attempts. Suspicion turned instead to an illegal abortion that

Rappe had undergone shortly before the party.

Arbuckle endured three trials, by most accounts rife with confusing testimony and cover-ups. Cut loose by Paramount and virtually blacklisted by Hollywood moral czar Will Hays, Arbuckle was eventually cleared of all charges. "Acquittal is not enough for Roscoe Arbuckle," the jury said. "We feel that a great injustice has been done him."

Fatty Arbuckle (top right) watched his film career wither after the death of actress Virginia Rappe. Witness Maude Delmont (middle) asserted that Fatty was to blame, but the court (bottom) disagreed, acquitting him. It was too late: Arbuckle's reputation as a comedian was ruined.





PAUL BERN



JEAN HARLOW

ABJECT HUMILIATION

Leading man: Paul Bern, assistant to producer Irving Thalberg and husband of Jean Harlow.

Untimely death: Gunshot to the head on September 5, 1932.

Usual suspects: Suicide, Bern's common-law wife Dorothy Millette (with or without the aid of Mobster Abner "Longy" Zwillman).

Back story: Mild-mannered, quiet and more than 20 years older than his wife, Paul Bern seemed to be an unlikely husband for sexpot Jean Harlow, who usually preferred more volatile, macho men. Bern already had a common-law wife in New York, a mentally unstable woman named Dorothy Millette, who showed up unexpectedly at Bern's house on September 4.

Gory details: The police, who arrived after executives from MGM had been at the scene for hours, found Bern dead in Harlow's bedroom, nude, with a gun in his hand and a suicide note that included the line "This is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and wipe out my abject humiliation." Police labeled it a suicide, but far-fetched and unsavory scenarios soon began to fly.

Whodunit: One widely held theory, advanced by Irving Shulman's 1964 book *Harlow*, says that Bern regularly abused Harlow and had underdeveloped genitals that prevented him from consummating the marriage. According to Shulman, Harlow had laughed at Bern when he tried to please her by outfitting himself with a "large artificial penis and testicles," whereupon a humiliated Bern shot himself. But most historians disagree. Screenwriter Samuel Marx concluded that Bern had been shot

by Millette—who could not be questioned, because that same week her body was found in the Sacramento River. Another theory suggests that Millette was used by an East Coast gangster who'd had a relationship with Harlow before she married Bern.

More recently, the David Stenn book *Bombshell: The Life and Death of Jean Harlow* offers a less sensational scenario. According to Stenn, Bern was a troubled man who'd tried to kill himself on a previous occasion. After a stormy encounter between Bern, Harlow and Millette, Stenn suggests, the despondent Bern took his own life.



GEORGE REEVES AND LENORE LEMMON

A SPEEDING BULLET

Leading man: TV's Superman, George Reeves.

Untimely death: Shot in the head in the bedroom of his Beverly Hills home on June 16, 1959.

Usual suspects: Suicide, MGM studio exec Eddie Mannix, Mannix' wife, Toni.

Back story: George Reeves became a star playing the Man of Steel on television from 1952 to 1957, but by the time of his death the 45-year-old had been depressed at his inability to win movie roles. In 1959 Reeves began receiving death threats; he suspected his former lover Toni Mannix, the wife of a combative Hollywood executive, until she told him that she, too, had been receiving threats.

Gory details: On June 15 Reeves celebrated his pending marriage with his fiancée, Lenore Lemmon, and a houseguest. At one A.M. they were joined by a couple of neighbors for more drinking. Reeves, who had gone to bed, yelled at the new guests for arriving at such a late hour, then went back upstairs in a bad mood.

"He'll probably go up to his room and shoot himself," joked Lemmon. A few minutes later, they heard a gunshot, went upstairs and found Reeves lying dead on his bed.

Whodunit: No suicide note was found, and doubt was cast by bruises on Reeves' body, by two bullet holes in the floor, by his lack of powder burns and the location of the entry

"Investigators were stymied by the fact that the houseguests were too drunk to be reliable witnesses."

and exit wounds. But police investigators were stymied by the fact that all the houseguests were too drunk to be reliable witnesses and concluded that the circumstances of Reeves' death "indicated suicide." While the police stuck with the suicide theory, Reeves' mother hired private detectives, who concluded that he had been murdered. In 1996 Sam Kahner and Nancy Schoenberger published the book *Hollywood Kryptonite: The Bulldog, the Lady and the Death of Superman*, blaming a hit man hired by Toni Mannix.



BOB CRANE AND PATRICIA OLSON

SEX AND VIDEOTAPE

Leading man: Actor Bob Crane.

Untimely death: Beaten to death in his bed in Scottsdale, Arizona, June 29, 1978.

Usual suspects: Friend John Carpenter, ex-wife Patricia Olson,



HOLLYWOOD'S UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

any number of angry husbands.

Back story: A radio personality who broke into acting in the Sixties, Bob Crane became well known for *Hogan's Heroes*. While starring in this family comedy, Crane kept quiet about his secret life as a dedicated swinger who kept photographs and

"I always felt insecure and in the way, but most of all I felt scared," said Monroe. "I guess I wanted love more than anything else in the world."

videotapes of his sexual conquests. By the late Seventies Crane was embroiled in a messy divorce with his second wife, Patricia Olson (Hilda on *Hogan's Heroes*). In June 1978 he was starring at a dinner theater in Scottsdale. On the 28th Crane returned to his cluttered, furnished two-bedroom apartment with a friend, video-equipment salesman John Carpenter. According to Carpenter, Crane argued with Olson over the telephone that night; other sources say Crane told hanger-on Carpenter that their friendship was over.

Gory details: The next afternoon Crane was found beaten to death in his blood-soaked bed with an electrical cord wrapped around his neck in a bow. The actor had been murdered in his sleep, most likely by someone who either had a key to the room or had been there earlier and had left a door or window unlocked.

Whodunit: In the aftermath of the murder, Crane's lifestyle, and his extensive collection of videos and photos, came to light. Although the tapes and photos made suspects of a score of disgruntled husbands and boy-friends, and although both Carpenter and Olson came under suspicion, the Arizona police investigation was at best haphazard.

Fourteen years after Crane's murder, a new county attorney charged Carpenter with the crime. Carpenter was acquitted and died four years after the trial, maintaining his innocence. "I have mixed feelings," says

Robert Crane, Bob Crane's oldest son from his first marriage (and a frequent *PLAYBOY* contributor). "I keep going back and forth between Carpenter and my former stepmother, Patti—Patti being the one with the motive, as far as I'm concerned." In the movie *Auto Focus*, director Paul Schrader's big-screen treatment of Crane's split personality and untimely end, the relationship between Crane and Carpenter (played by Greg Kinnear and Willem Dafoe, respectively) is the central theme.



MARILYN MONROE

GOODBYE, NORMA JEAN

Leading lady: Marilyn Monroe.

Untimely death: An overdose of Nembutal and chloral hydrate, August 5, 1962.

Usual suspects: Suicide, accidental overdose, psychiatrist Dr. Ralph Greenson, housekeeper Eunice Murray, the Mafia, John and/or Robert Kennedy.

Back story: "I always felt insecure and in the way, but most of all I felt scared," Marilyn Monroe once said. "I guess I wanted love more than anything else in the world." By her mid-30s, Marilyn's search for love had led her through three failed marriages and, reportedly, into the arms of both John and Robert Kennedy, though some reports say she was planning to blow the whistle on

Questions still linger about Marilyn Monroe's death. Her nude body was discovered on her bed (top), but did someone tamper with the scene? Among the tantalizing clues: a broken window at her home.

those relationships. On August 4 Marilyn was reportedly upbeat during an early-evening phone conversation with the son of former husband Joe DiMaggio, but she seemed despondent in a subsequent call to actor Peter Lawford.

Gory details: The police were summoned to Marilyn's Brentwood home about 4:30 A.M. on August 5. Although the police were initially told that her body hadn't been discovered until after three A.M., later evidence would suggest that the occupants of the house may have known Marilyn had died as early as midnight and that work was done to clean up the scene. Monroe was lying facedown on her bed, naked, next to an empty bottle of Nembutal, which had reportedly been prescribed for her on August 3. But exactly how she ingested the drugs was never clear: According to LA county coroner Thomas Noguchi, there was no trace of pills in her stomach and no marks of injection. The death was ruled an "apparent suicide."

Whodunit: In 1993 author Donald Spoto suggested that the death was accidental, occurring after Marilyn took the Nembutal over a 24-hour period and then had a chloral hydrate enema, probably administered by Eunice Murray at the behest of the actress' (concluded on page 176)

ROBERT KENNEDY



Mysteries

(continued from page 108)

psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson. But others have insisted that the Kennedys were somehow involved and that Robert had been seen at the house the day of Marilyn's death. Other theories say the Mafia killed her to punish the Kennedys for Bobby's crusade against organized crime. In 1985 a grand jury reexamined the available evidence and recommended against reopening the case.

TOO BIG TO TOUCH

Leading man: Producer Thomas Ince.

Untimely death: Indigestion or a heart attack, or a gunshot wound, November 1924.

Usual suspects: Either rich food or a rich man.

Back story: Silent-film pioneer Thomas Ince was the guest of honor during a weekend cruise on the *Oneida*, the yacht belonging to media mogul William Randolph Hearst. Most accounts place the producer on the boat, along with notorious womanizer Charlie Chaplin and Hearst's mistress, Marion Davies, whom gossip columns had linked romantically with Chaplin. Though Prohibition was in effect and Hearst frowned on drinking, there is little question that the *Oneida* was liberally stocked with bootleg liquor. At some point during the weekend, Ince took ill and left the yacht in San Diego.

Gory details: Ince may have overindulged in rich food and illegal alcohol, aggravating an ulcer and leading to a fatal heart attack a couple of days after he left the boat. No autopsy was performed, and the body was quickly cremated.

Whodunit: In *The Cat's Meow* an insanely jealous Hearst, convinced that Chaplin and Davies are having an affair,

shoots Ince after aiming for the comedian. This story, and variations on it, has been a Hollywood rumor for decades, fueled by Ince's cremation and by a perfunctory district attorney's investigation that involved only one of the ship's guests, a physician who worked for Hearst. Suspicion intensified when Chaplin denied being on the boat and when Hearst's newspapers initially claimed that Ince had taken ill while at Hearst's estate in central California.

Others insisted that while a cover-up did take place, it was instigated to hide illegal boozing, not murder. Hollywood historian Marc Wanamaker, who was incensed by *The Cat's Meow*, says that Chaplin remained a popular guest onboard the *Oneida* and at Hearst's and Davies' gatherings. Still, the whispers were irresistible. "All you have to do to make Hearst turn white as a ghost is mention Ince's name," director D.W. Griffith was later quoted as saying. "There's plenty wrong there, but Hearst is too big to touch."

THE ONE-DOLLAR KNOCKOUT

Leading lady: Actress Thelma Todd.

Untimely death: Carbon monoxide poisoning in her garage, on or about December 15, 1935.

Usual suspects: Suicide, director Roland West, Charles "Lucky" Luciano.

Back story: The spirited star of numerous comedies, Thelma Todd loved expensive jewelry, fast cars and strong drink. She opened a popular beach cafe with one of her former lovers, director Roland West, and reportedly resisted the entreaties of another, Lucky Luciano, to use part of the establishment for illegal gambling. West and Todd lived in adjoining ocean-view apartments over the cafe, though their relationship grew strained over Todd's frequent absences.

On Saturday, December 14, Todd attended a party at the Trocadero. She and West argued before she left, and he reportedly said that if she wasn't back by two A.M., he'd lock her out. She returned home about four A.M.

Gory details: On Monday morning Todd's housekeeper found her body in the front seat of her Lincoln convertible in the garage attached to her apartment. Some reports suggest that Todd was bloody, but photos of the scene do not reveal a significant amount of blood.

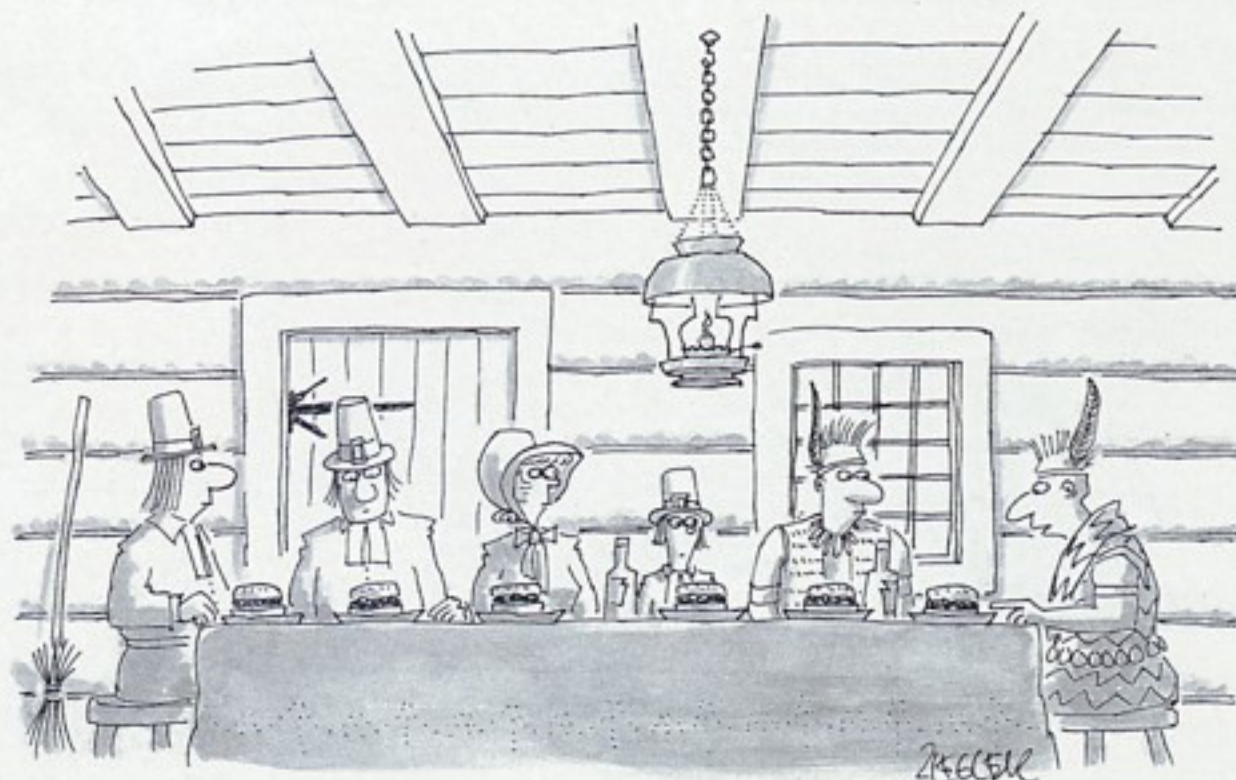
Whodunit: After what *Hollywood's Greatest Mysteries* author John Austin termed "the most intentionally inept probe of a suspected murder in the history of Los Angeles," police deemed the death "accidental death from carbon monoxide poisoning." Members of a grand jury convened to look into the death were openly frustrated with witnesses connected to the film industry, many of whom they suspected of participating in a cover-up.

In her book *Hot Toddy: The True Story of Hollywood's Most Sensational Murder*, Andy Edmonds suggests that the death was a Mob hit ordered by Luciano. But that scenario has been dismissed as tabloid fiction by most observers. In *Fallen Angels*, Marvin Wolf and Katherine Mader advance the more accepted scenario that a jealous and possessive West locked Todd out of her apartment—and then inadvertently locked her in the garage, where she had started her car, either to keep herself warm or to drive somewhere else.

For years, a company that made religious TV shows owned Todd's old building and kept an original menu on the wall. One of the more expensive drinks on the menu (it cost a dollar) was the Thelma Todd Knockout.

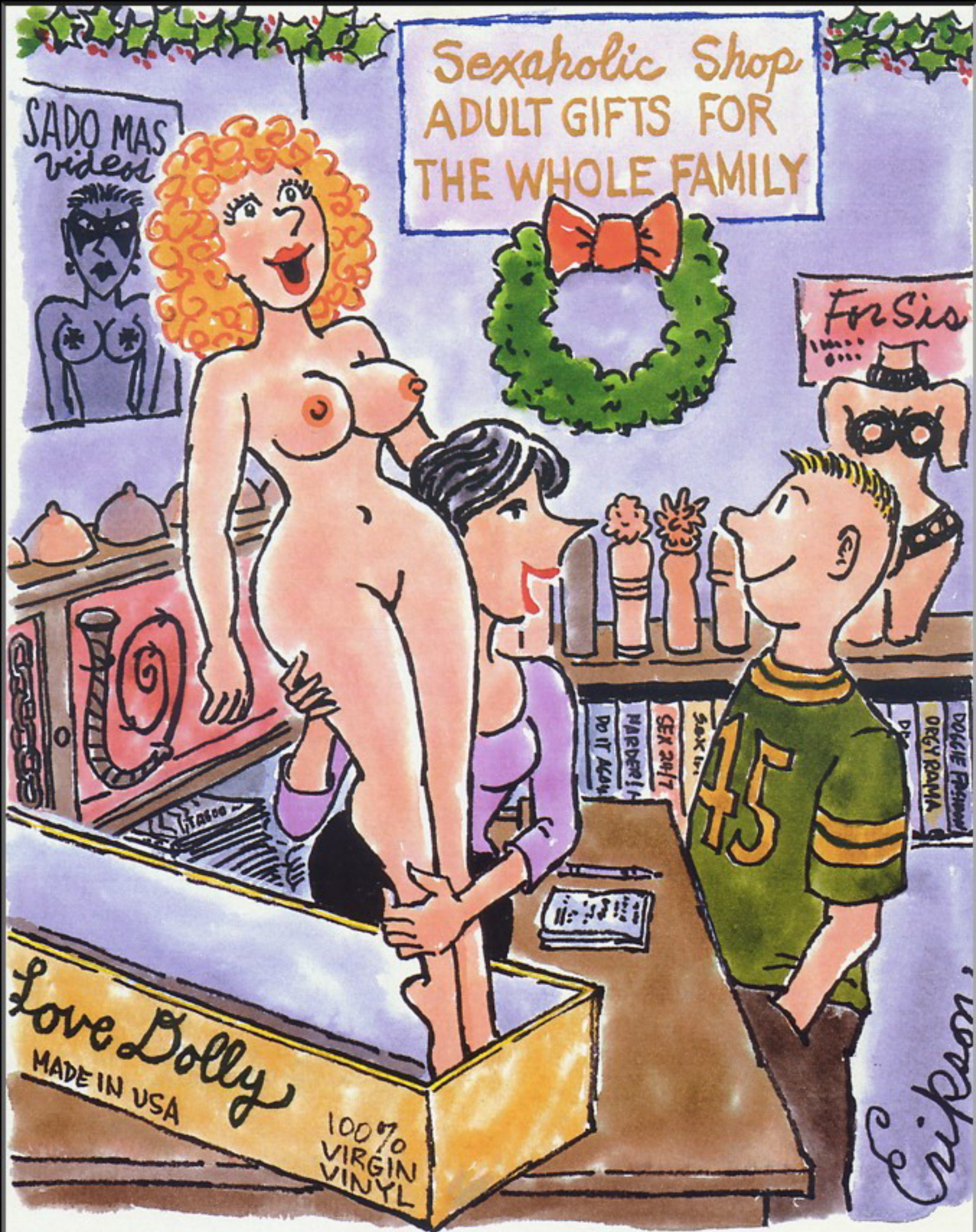
There are, of course, lots of other curious Hollywood deaths and questions that have yet to receive satisfactory answers. If actor Nick Adams truly died of an overdose of a drug powerful enough to kill him instantly, why was no means of ingesting the drug found near his body? Did career criminal Lionel Williams kill Sal Mineo in a botched robbery, as he bragged to his Michigan cellmates but later recanted? What about a witness' description of a long-haired blond Caucasian male fleeing the scene? Did Lana Turner's 14-year-old daughter Cheryl Crane really stab her mother's abusive gangster boyfriend, or could Turner herself have been wielding the knife that killed Johnny Stompanato?

"Everybody has theories," says historian Wanamaker. "Everybody has new evidence of who killed who, everybody offers hearsay." Asked why, Wanamaker laughs. "Because it's fun," he says. "Simple as that: It's fun."



"So, all that turkey last year was just a one-shot deal?"





"And when Grandpa tires of her, he can stick her in the garden to frighten away the blue jays."



"Go to your room and play with your train. You can sail your boat later."



CHRISTMAS *with* Lani

she's our favorite
jingle belle

I"CAN PLAY any role," says Lani Todd. "I get bored sticking to the same style, so I love to change skins—a dominatrix one day, a rodeo girl the next. It's a fantasy and a total turn-on." The 21-year-old culture chameleon grew up in rural Pennsylvania, where she was home-schooled. "We were all artsy-fartsy kids," she says. "When I was 14, I taught myself how to play the guitar and became the lead singer in a local punk-chick band." Miss December says when she returns to Florida, where she has lived for two years and works as a cosmetologist and a model, she's going to get her groove back by taking guitar and voice lessons. "I'm strong-willed," she says. "I think people shouldn't tell you what you can and cannot do. I also believe in monogamy, but just because I love somebody doesn't mean he owns me, and vice versa. I listen to people talk about their relationships and I nearly bite my tongue off wanting to say, 'Let them live!' My boyfriend understands this and we get a real kick out of each other. I love going with him to an old redwood Victorian inn in Lancaster, Pennsylvania that has the most beautiful ambience. All you want to do after having a delicious dinner and some wine is go home and make love. I take life one day at a time and do everything that I can to be good to people. It's a basic philosophy, but it's what I live by."

"If I could meet anyone, dead or alive, I would choose Marilyn Monroe," says Lani. "She was incredibly beautiful and shined so brightly, but her past haunted her. At some point you have to let go of your pain and grow into a different person."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG AND
JARMO POHJANIEMI



Has Miss December been naughty or nice this year? "I've been good—maybe a little too nice," says Lani. "I can't decide if I want to spend Christmas with my family in Pennsylvania or on a tropical island. Both would be bliss, but I haven't seen snow in three years! Miami is always 90 degrees, so I was freezing my butt off during this shoot in Los Angeles."













THERE ARE MORE PICTURES AND VIDEO OF LANI
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Liam Todd

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lani Todd

BUST: 36B WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 6/4/81 BIRTHPLACE: Philadelphia

AMBITIONS: Pursue a modeling and acting career and also continue playing, singing and writing music.

TURN-ONS: Black clothing, crazy stylish hair, sensitivity, a good sense of humor and very soft lips.

TURNOFFS: Egos, muscles that are too big for the person, mean people.

THE WILDEST OUTFIT I EVER WORE: A dominatrix outfit. Black vinyl dress that buckles up the front, platform vinyl boots, vinyl lace-up gloves, a leather collar and a riding crop.

FIVE CDS THAT ROCK MY WORLD: U2's "Joshua Tree" and "All That You Can't Leave Behind," No Doubt's "Tragic Kingdom," The Doors' "Greatest Hits," Sarah McLachlan's "Fumbling Toward Ecstasy."

FUNNY PET STORY: One of my cats was, by mistake, sealed into a wall during some repair work in my bathroom. I found him eight hours later by cutting a hole in the wall. He was fine.



At Miami's Ultra Fest having a squirt gun fight. stick'em up !!



Tiffany Holiday and me out one night in L.A.



Shooting on the beach during sunset.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young couple seemed nervous as they approached the check-in desk at a hotel. "Good evening, sir," the clerk said. "Suite 16?"

"Oh no," the young man said. "She's 18."

When Bill Clinton was still president, an aide placed a piece of paper on his desk. "What is that?" Clinton asked.

"It's an Abortion Bill, Mr. President," the aide said.

Clinton replied, "All right, just go ahead and pay it."



The priest of a small Irish village had a pet rooster. One Saturday, he noticed the rooster was missing. He suspected it had been stolen to be used in cockfighting. At Mass the next morning, he asked the congregation, "Has anyone got a cock?"

All the men stood up.

"No, no," he said. "That wasn't really what I meant. Has anybody seen a cock?"

All the women stood up.

"No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant, either. Has anyone seen a cock that doesn't belong to them?"

Half of the women stood up.

"No, no," he said. "Perhaps I ought to rephrase the question. Has anybody here seen my cock?"

All the choirboys stood up.

Two 70-year-old men were roommates in a nursing home. One said, "Let's make a bet. I bet you \$100 that mine is longer soft than yours is hard."

The other replied, "I'll take that bet. There's no way that can be true."

They both unzipped their pants and took out their penises. The second man asked, "OK, how long is yours soft?"

The first replied, "Eleven years."

Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the Pearly Gates. "In honor of the season," Saint Peter said, "you must each possess something that symbolizes Christmas to get into heaven on this holy day."

The first man fumbled through his pocket and pulled out a lighter. He flicked it on. "It represents a holy candle," he said.

"You may pass through the Pearly Gates," Saint Peter said.

The second man reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He shook them and said, "They're bells."

Saint Peter said, "You may pass through the Pearly Gates."

The third man started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of women's panties. "What do those symbolize?" Saint Peter asked.

The man replied, "They're Carol's."

Two secretaries were discussing their boss. One said, "He dresses so well."

The other replied, "And so quickly, too."

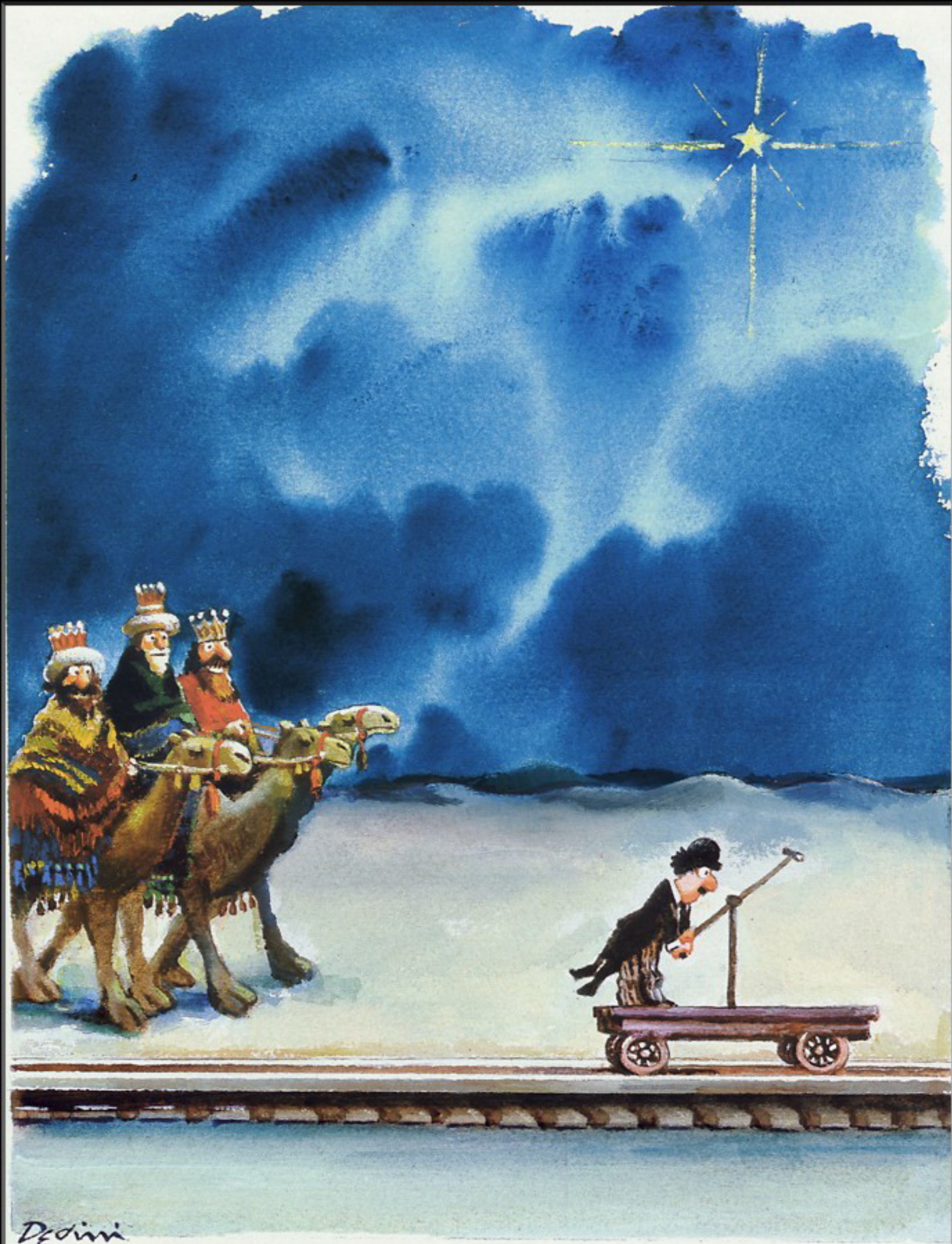


Two Viagra pills walked into a bar. They sat down next to two marijuana plants who were engaged in an animated discussion. "I don't get it," one marijuana plant said to the other. "Why aren't we legal? Nobody's being hurt by us."

One of the Viagra pills scoffed. The marijuana plant turned to him and asked, "What's your problem? Don't you think we should be legal?"

"No," the Viagra pill replied. "We're hard-on drugs."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"He says he's bringing the gift of laughter."

PINK

& HER AMAZING WONDERDOG- FUCKER

our favorite rock chick
has a dirty mouth, two hit
CDs and a rap sheet longer
than suge knight's

by alison prato

If you ever have the pleasure to meet Alecia Moore—**a.k.a. PINK**—buy her a beer, give her a smoke (menthol), kick back and shut up. The girl is a storyteller. At 23, she has racked up her share of arrest stories, drug stories, love stories and success stories. She's won a Grammy. Her first CD, "Can't Take Me Home," went double platinum. Her second, "Missundaztood," has been in the "Billboard" top 200 for a year. And wait until you see her sing live, as tens of thousands did when she toured with Lenny Kravitz this summer.

Q: Your name, Pink, is a euphemism for vagina, right? A: Right. I've never been able to tell the real story. Matt, my best friend to this day, had never seen a white girl's thing. For months he was begging me, "Please show me! I won't touch it! I won't think of you differently!" I was always like, "Fuck you! You're like my brother." He was so persistent that I finally gave in.

We were in the back of a car—probably going to get weed—and I'm like, "Here you go." He goes, "Aah! It's pink!"

Q: How old were you when you got into drugs? A: Thirteen.

Eleven if you count weed. I was an early bloomer, but it's good because I stopped young, too. I

(continued on page 188)



Illustration by Peter Richardson

PINK

(continued from page 147)

could be doing all kinds of crazy shit, but it's not tempting at all.

Q: Have you tried everything?

A: Almost. When I was 15, a good friend died of a heroin overdose. I would never go there.

Q: In school, you wrote several papers about legalizing marijuana. Is it true you haven't done drugs since 1995?

A: I don't consider pot a drug. It's a plant. It comes from the earth. George Washington smoked it.

Q: Do you still smoke it?

A: I quit six months ago. I always said I'd be a grandma who grew weed in her attic and taught her kids to roll joints. But I quit. I don't like how it makes me feel.

Q: Any other vices?

A: I love gambling. I make everybody gamble with me on the bus. Blackjack, spades, dice, Monopoly. We play on per diem so you can only lose about \$200. I always win. But then I buy everyone dinner.

Q: Do you cheat?

A: Sometimes.

Q: You met your boyfriend, motocross star Carey Hart, at the 2001 X Games. Was it love at first sight?

A: I shook his hand and five minutes later he broke 14 bones. I had a big effect on him.

Q: Are you able to be a normal couple?

A: Neither of us is normal. We can be party animals. We can make it a Blockbuster night.

Q: Aren't you banned from Blockbuster for stealing a copy of *Showgirls*?

A: I am! I use his membership. I rack up his bill. Not long ago I was home in Philly and my mom was like, "Let's go get a movie." So we went to the Blockbuster where I was arrested, and I'm like, "I can't go in there." She's like, "They won't remember you." But they did.

Q: Do you regret dropping out of school?

A: Not for a second. Education is important, but it doesn't necessarily cater to artistic people.

Q: Have you always been a girl who doesn't care what people think?

A: I'm sensitive. My feelings get hurt easily. I decided at a young age not to let people take advantage of me. Kids can be cruel. I was made fun of a lot. I was eccentric. I wore high heels in first grade. I got tripped off the bus. I got all the jokes. But I love a good fight.

Q: When was the last time you brawled?

A: It's been a while. Wanted to and have been is a big difference. If I weren't worried about lawsuits, there would be two guys from last night still unconscious on the floor. We went to a bar in Boston and this drunk guy was running his fingers through my hair. Then he stole my beer. Long story short, he goes, "In my country——" And I go, "In my country it's OK to beat people over the head with your pool stick." Guy groupies are crazy.

They like me to sign their asses. But now, all guys want to talk to me about is my boyfriend. I'm like, "Fuck!" But I get more female groupies.

Q: Have you ever been with a woman?

A: When I was 13, I kissed a girl I had a big crush on. It was fun. I was on ecstasy. She left me for my brother. I've stayed away from girls ever since.

Q: After meeting Carey, how long did you wait to have sex?

A: I haven't had sex with him yet. Just kidding! I do like to wait. My body is special. You only get as much respect as you command. But it depends. Impulses are impulses. I'm in constant conflict.

Q: Because of your sexual image, do guys expect you to get freaky in bed?

A: I was watching a VH1 ranking of the 25 sexiest rock stars. I was number seven. The guy goes, "Pink looks tough, like she'll slap you around all night." Carey and I were in bed, about to go to sleep. I was like, "We can't go to sleep. I have to slap you around all night." We just laughed, rolled over and went to sleep.

Q: Are you sexually adventurous?

A: I want to be. I live vicariously through my gay friends. Tying up would be fun. And I think all guys should definitely know penetration. It's only fair.

Q: Are you a giver or a receiver?

A: I'm a receiver. I will receive anytime.

Q: Do you get recognized everywhere?

A: Yeah. The moles on my face give me away. They were my favorite body part until I got drunk, passed out and my friends played connect the dots. I could not get the permanent marker off.

Q: You have several tattoos, including one that says WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND ON YOUR WRIST. How many in all?

A: I think I'm up to 11. Carey and I got matching true-love tattoos. Since his last name is Hart, I got a red heart with LOVE written behind it. He got PINK on his ass.

Q: How was winning a Grammy at 22?

A: Weird. I didn't feel like it was mine. Growing up, I was into independent sports. I was a gymnast. If I didn't get first place, I wouldn't clap for anybody else. I was a total bitch brat. I haven't grown out of that yet. When I won the Grammy I was happy and my parents were proud, but I felt like I was winning it for the team. I'm waiting for my own.

Q: Anything to tell us about *Lady Marmalade* collaborators Mya, Lil' Kim and Christina Aguilera?

A: I can't say anything bad. I don't hang out with them. Mya is awesome. Lil' Kim is vulgar but sweet. Christina is Christina. We'll leave it at that.

Q: Speaking of divas, didn't Beyoncé freak out when you introduced her to your dog, Fucker, at the MTV Awards?

A: Oh, yeah. She's a church girl. She wasn't ready for that. She was like, "He's precious! What's his name?" I'm like, "Fucker." She's like, "Back to you, Kurt."





"As a matter of fact, we do do requests."

Centerfolds on Sex

Heidi Mark

DESCRIBE THE JOYS OF THE UNCIRCUMCISED PENIS.

I had never been with anyone who was uncircumcised until I met my new boyfriend, and it's amazing. The extra skin is like having an extra ridge there. When I have children, I won't have the boys circumcised, because I want their wives to be very happy. It's almost like he has a cock ring on. You know those condoms that have the big ridges on them? Well, that's what it's like. Besides, a dick is a dick. It just looks a little different. And my boyfriend's is the perfect size. You usually don't remember how big men's dicks are, but you remember the really small ones. Girth matters and size and length matter. Basically, I have to have a perfect dick. And now I've got the length and the girth and a bonus I didn't even know existed.

Sometimes he'll be watching television and I'll say, "Take your pants off." He'll just watch TV while I suck his dick. I suck on it because I want to, because it's mine. I always say, "Oh God, I never thought I would actually have my own dick."

Heidi's Sexual Tidbits

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN WITH A GIRL?

I would never go down on a girl, but I have no problem having a girl go down on me. I'm selfish. Someone asked me recently if there was any girl with whom I would engage. They were throwing out names like Angelina Jolie, Melissa Etheridge. I wasn't interested. So they said, "Heidi, you are so heterosexual." But if you pick Melissa Etheridge to go down on you, you're really picking a dude.

IS BEING TATTOOED EROTIC?

On a scale from one to 10, it's a painful four. There's nothing erotic about it. I'm into nipple clamps, handcuffs, you name it, but believe me, there is nothing erotic about getting a tattoo.



SEE MORE HEIDI IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

SEX STARS - 2002

The key to being a sex star? A ripped body, eye-popping talent, a lust for the limelight and—sometimes—the moves to make history. In 2002 we cheered as Halle Berry became the first black woman to win a Best Actress Oscar, chuckled when Anna Nicole Smith let E cameras film her every move and grooved while singer-songwriter Alicia Keys raised the bar for rock stars with a brain and a bod. Tom left Nicole, Angelina left Billy Bob, but then they sizzled solo. A new generation of pumped-up dudes busted onto the scene: The Rock ruled as *The Scorpion King*, and Vin Diesel's rise to fame crowned him the new Schwarzenegger. This year's Sex Stars kept filling theaters with warm bodies, and we dug it.



3



4



5



1. **VIN DIESEL:** He rocXXX
2. **HALLE BERRY:** Having a "Ball"
3. **VICTORIA SILVSTEDT:** Sugary Swede
4. **NELLY:** Hot in here
5. **ANGELINA JOLIE:** Bye-bye, Billy Bob
6. **SOFIA VERGARA:** Colombia's finest export
7. **DIANE LANE:** Faithfully foxy
8. **OLIVIER MARTINEZ:** Lethal lothario
9. **DALENE KURTIS:** Perfect PMOY

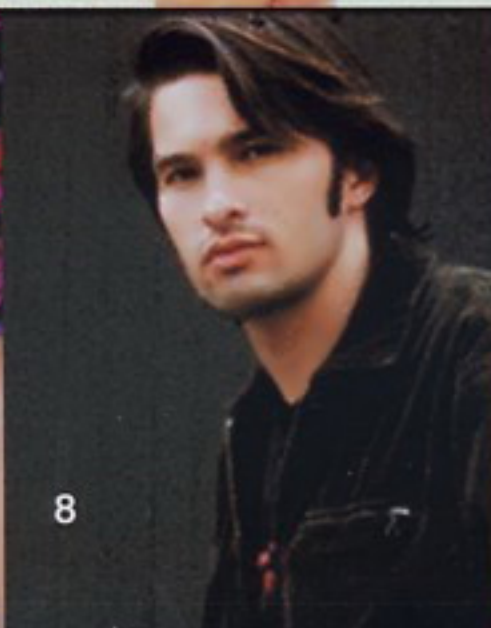
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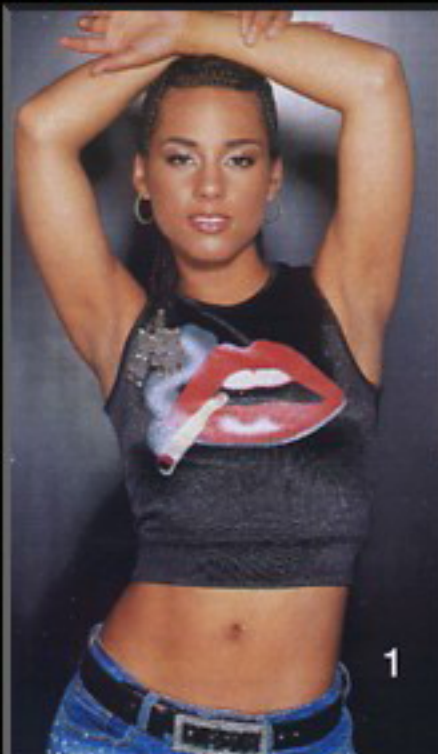


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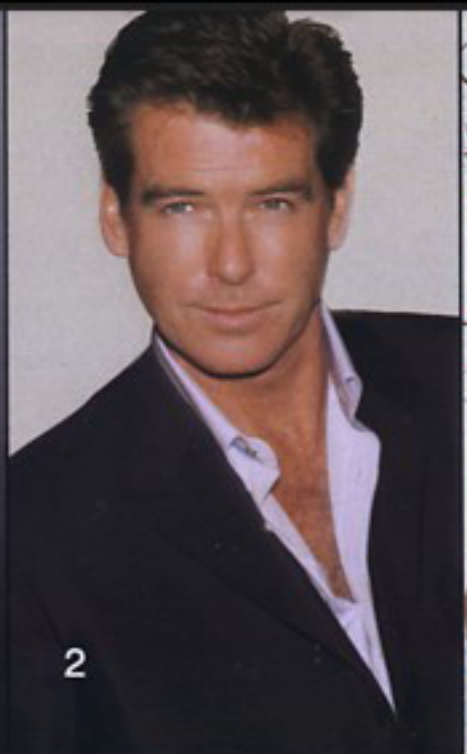


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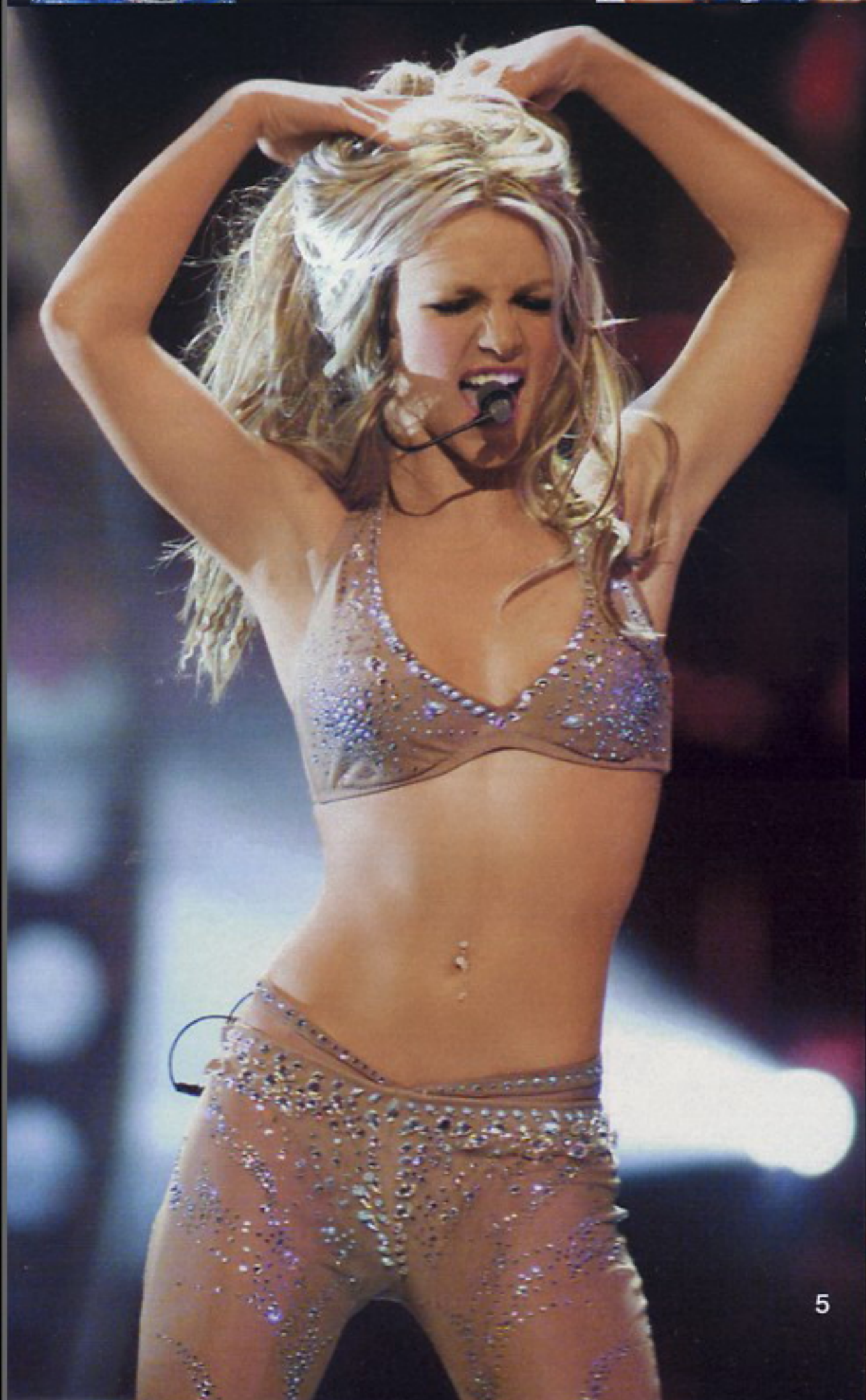
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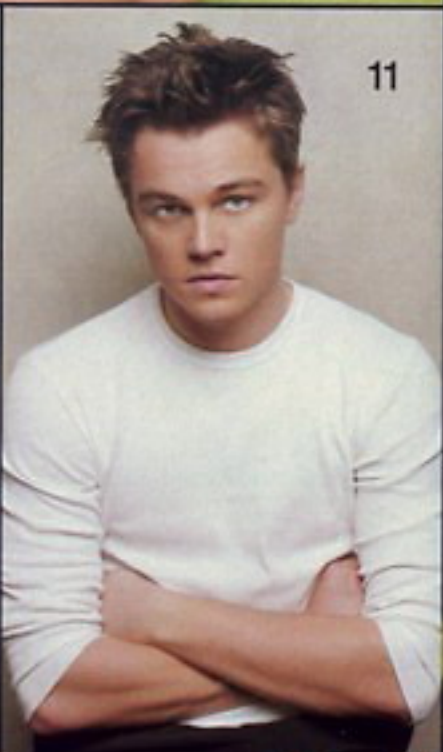
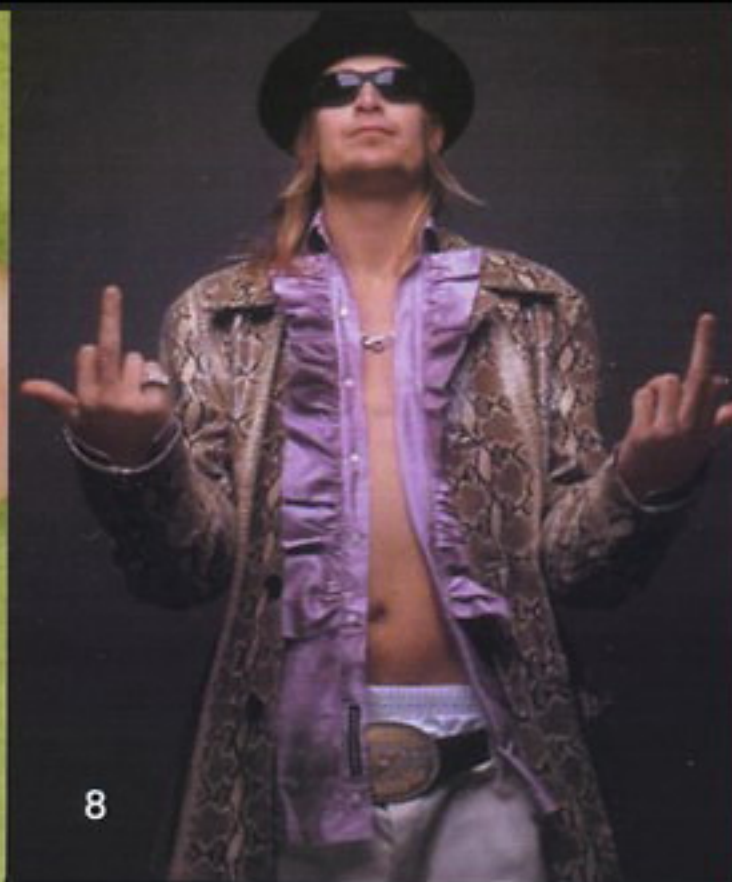


5

1. **ALICIA KEYS:** Groovy, baby
2. **PIERCE BROSNAN:** Brawny Bond
3. **BEYONCÉ KNOWLES:** Austin Powers' destiny
4. **JANET JACKSON:** All for you
5. **BRITNEY SPEARS:** Not a girl, quite a woman
6. **SALMA HAYEK:** Fridaaaaah
7. **J. LO:** Gets us high
8. **KID ROCK:** American badass
9. **TARA REID:** It party girl
10. **CAMERON DIAZ:** Angel eyes
11. **LEONARDO DICAPRIO:** Ganging up
12. **SUMMER ALTICE:** Playmate rising
13. **PAMELA ANDERSON:** Wet and wild



6





1. **JAIME PRESSLY:** Not another teen movie star
2. **ANNA KOURNIKOVA:** She scores
3. **TOM CRUISE:** Singles Cruz
4. **RACHEL ROBERTS:** Simone says
5. **ALI LANDRY:** "Spy TV" stunner
6. **NICOLE KIDMAN:** Independent woman
7. **THE ROCK:** Don't fuck with him
8. **JORDAN:** Size matters
9. **ANNA NICOLE SMITH:** Bigger and better on E





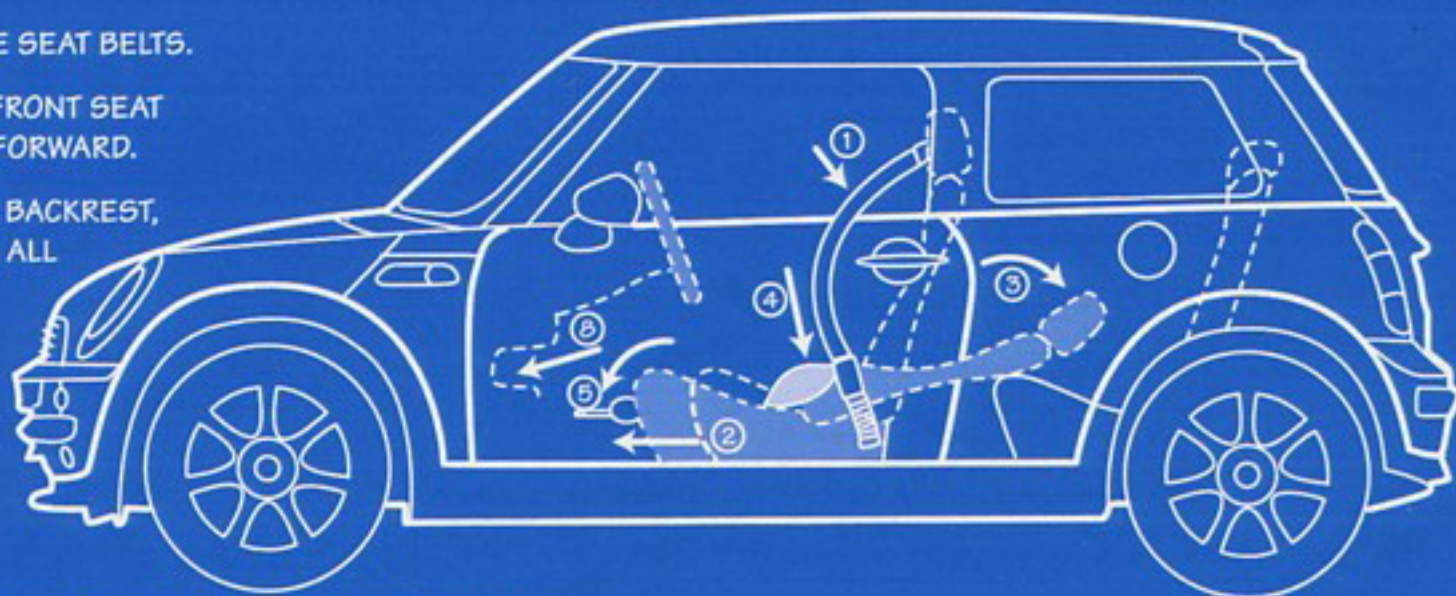
HOW TO MOTOR IN A MINI

the newest cult car is a blast to drive. it's fun to park as well

(1) REMOVE SEAT BELTS.

(2) MOVE FRONT SEAT SLIGHTLY FORWARD.

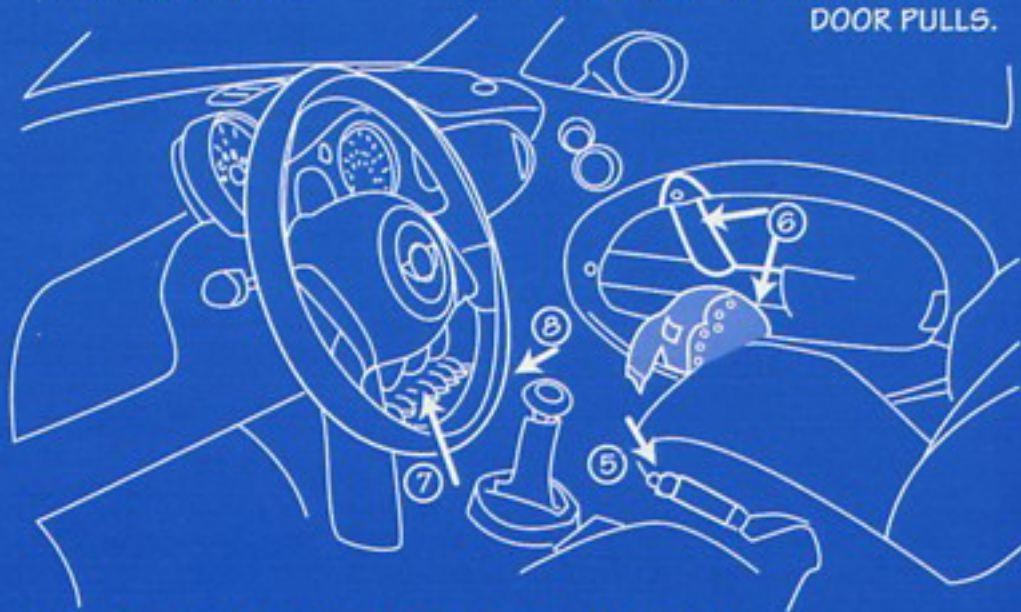
(3) LOWER BACKREST, NOT QUITE ALL THE WAY.



(4) PUT SMALL PILLOW OR FOLDED CLOTHING ON SEAT BOTTOM: HELPS SOFTEN SEAT HINGE HITTING PARTNER'S BACK.

(5) MAKE SURE EMERGENCY BRAKE IS IN DOWN POSITION.

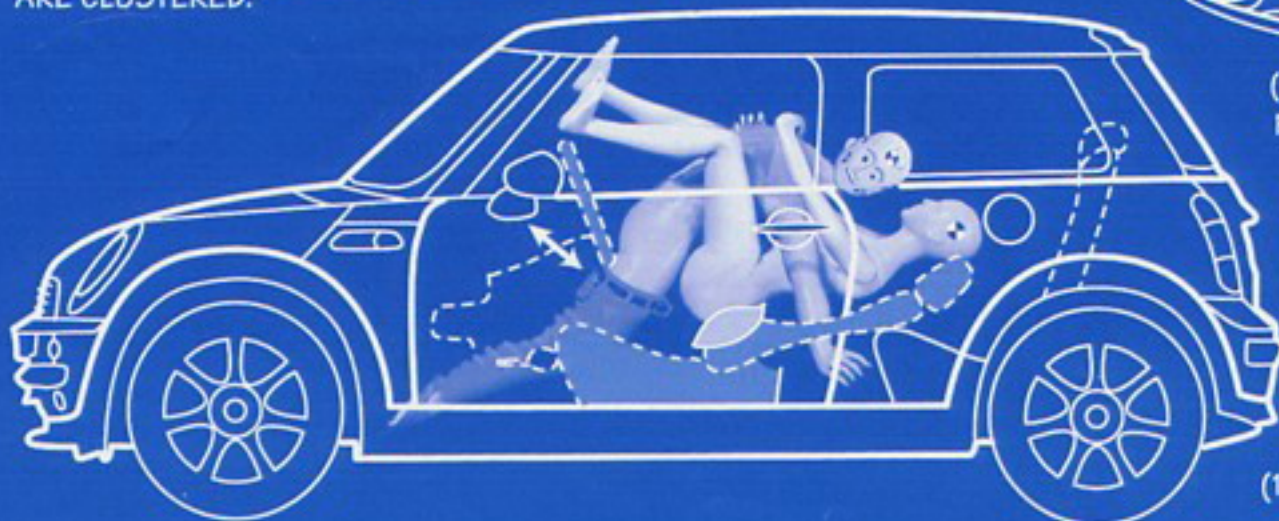
(6) THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM IN DOOR POCKETS FOR CLOTHES. PLEASE NOTE PHALLIC DESIGN OF DOOR PULLS.



(7) BE CAREFUL OF FEET ON DASHBOARD WHERE TOGGLE SWITCHES FOR WINDOWS AND LIGHTS ARE CLUSTERED.



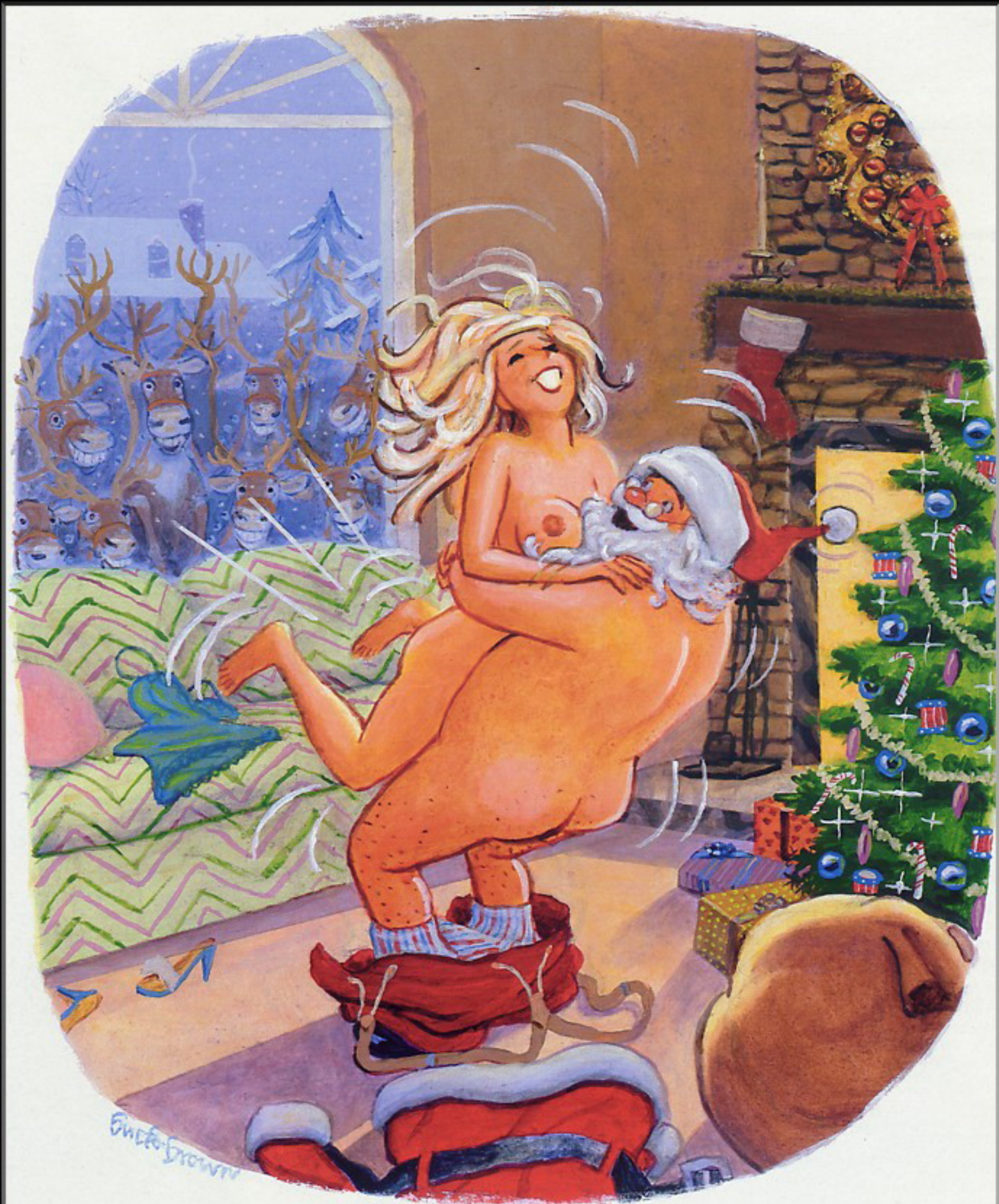
(8) ALLOW FEET TO GAIN PURCHASE IN CUTOUT IN SIDE OF CENTRAL CONSOLE.



(9) THERE'S MORE ROOM ON PASSENGER SIDE, BUT DRIVER SIDE MIGHT WORK WITH FEMALE-ASTRIDE POSITION.

(10) DON'T WORRY ABOUT CAR ROCKING—THE SUSPENSION IS VERY STIFF.

—DONALD ERICKSON



"I hope you don't mind. This drives my reindeer crazy!"

La vita DITA

**FETISH IS BACK. AND HERE'S
WHO'S LEADING THE CHARGE**

Science says a fetish is "an inanimate object worshiped by savages as having magical powers or as being animated by a spirit." But in our swinging, postsavage world of pop culture, a fetish usually means something that turns you on that's not a mainstream kick. It's your kick. Maybe it's how you keep in touch with the inner savage, but it's definitely the gear or the scenario that gets you off.

Your fetish could be a feather fan à la Sally Rand, it could be high heels or black leather, vinyl or rubber, corsets, chains or root vegetables. Well, it *could* be root vegetables, because a fetish has to have some kink to it. Fetishes are turn-ons that are not shared by the horny majority. They are pleasure cults that worship Eros in their own way.

And that's where Dita von Teese comes in. She is the very successful



"I revel in being a bombshell, femme fatale, mantrap and sexpot. Basically, I'm the girl your mother warned you about."

modern-day fetish queen. She's not the girl next door. She's the girl behind one of those two doors; behind the other is the tiger. Dita is the girl of your dreams in corset and handcuffs. She's the girl you'd like to walk all over you in six-inch heels, or maybe work on your Boy Scout knots some rainy day.

Miss Dita von Teese, the extremely significant other of the musical artist Marilyn Manson, is generally regarded as today's number one fetish model. This is not quite the same as being today's number one model. No doubt her income falls far short of the salaries of supermodels who won't get out of bed for less than 10 grand. But that doesn't diminish her importance. Besides, there are other rewards to being the top fetish model. We're sure

Miss Dita von Teese has fans so devoted that they would do anything for her. Especially if it involves, say, cleaning her floor with their tongues.

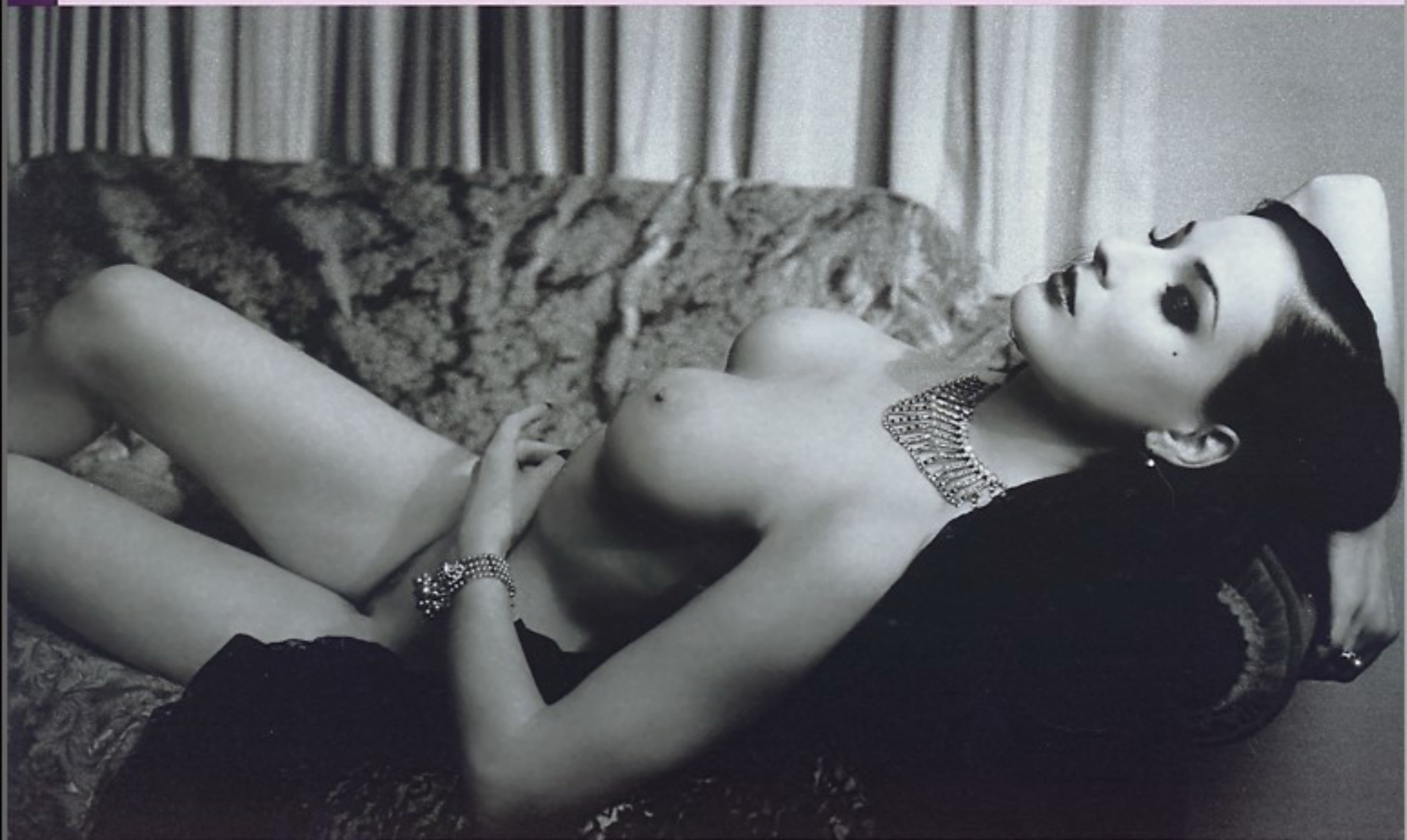
Actually Miss von Teese is much more than a fetish model. She is a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MOSHE BRAKHA, ARNY FREYTAG AND MARILYN MANSON



dancer and a burlesque artist. But fetish model is a convenient way of defining her role in the world of eroticism and setting her apart from the girls who simply take it off and spread 'em. We could call her a pin-up girl, but that's such a creaky, old term. Most of the girls who model for sexy pictures are, like it or not, sex objects. Dita is a

"I never daydreamed about a knight in shining armor coming for me on a white horse. Instead, I prefer the villain who would tie me to the train tracks, and that's him, Marilyn Manson. He thinks he's finally met his dream girl, and I love indulging him in that." Manson (right) with Dita shot these photos exclusively for PLAYBOY.



sex object of her own creation. What she is, really, is an artist whose work is posing, creating images that fire the imagination of the beholder.

It's not about taking it off. If anything, it's about putting it on—putting on the trappings of the fetish and conjuring up a specific spirit of passion. Von Teese's work is about creating a fetish-driven image that has magical power, that is animated by a genuine spirit, something that reaches the most powerful sexual organ of all—the brain. She is a superstar of the unconscious mind.

Since the invention of photography, there have been women who've held a special charm for the lens. Clara Bow, an actress of the silent era, was the original It girl. She had "it" and made everyone aware of "it." Since then, every generation has had its It girls, women who personify the erotic zeitgeist of the age. Bettie Page, to whom Dita is often compared, had it to such a degree that she may be more popular to-

day than during the decade in which she worked, the Fifties.

Bettie Page was a natural. There was something about her face, her body and the way she carried herself that had enormous appeal. Working with photographers such as Irving Klaw and Bunny Yeager, she created a legendary body of work worshiped by modern devotees of Venus. Her body was beautiful and well proportioned. She wasn't a freakish mammal. She radiated good health, honesty and a kind of easygoing normality that made the kinky situations in which she was portrayed all the more exciting. She was the kind of girl you could take home to mother and then tie up.

Dita von Teese understands that kind of allure, and she carries on Bettie's sensual tradition today. But she is not the innocent that Bettie Page was. Dita is a scholar of the history of cheesecake. She is a professor of pin-up. She has invented herself as an image in a quite *(concluded on page 170)*















Manson does Dita: another portfolio from the high priests of performance art. "All my fetishes begin with me being laced tightly in a corset. I love the way a corset dramatically emphasizes my curves and the feel of stockings on my legs. Dressed this way, I feel like my lover's most treasured possession."

Dita's body posits a new ideal, neither a flashy Fifties Marilyn body nor a pumped Nineties Madonna body. It's a 21st century body: healthy, toned and realistic. Her breasts are naturalistically ample, not overkill. Her waist is small, while her pelvis has maternal potential. Her pudendum is currently coiffed. With her gifts and her exquis-



deliberate and refined way.

Bettie Page grew up in an age when women wore garter belts. Dita grew up in the age of pantyhose but rejected them. "When my girlfriends were buying their first pairs of pantyhose," she recalls, "I was on the hunt for stockings and garters. I started wearing them when I was 13."

Dita is a small-town girl from Michigan. She grew up watching old movies on TV and loved stars such as Marilyn Monroe. She got vintage clothes from her mom and snuck into her dad's stash of PLAYBOYS. And following her own instincts she created an erotic aesthetic that was against the grain of the times.

Miss von Teese certainly explores retro elements. She radiates an old Hollywood glamour. She reawakens the power of vintage lingerie. Her beauty philosophy is the opposite of the natural look; makeup is part of the fetish. But there's nothing old about von Teese. There is something progressive about what she's doing.

ite grooming, she is a perfect collaboration between art and nature. Dita von Teese is the promise of a new world where sex is more than an athletic event that relieves tension; it is a complex and delicious cultural rite that inspires the soul and captivates and then releases the imagination.

With her raven hair, exciting body, engaging face and up-for-anything demeanor, Dita is a Bettie Page for our time. She is our all-purpose e-age pin-up, a shape-shifter who can play the courtesan, the ecdysiast, the mistress and concubine at her most refined. Or she can be the vamp, the slut and the supervixen who drives us from our minds.

In an age of amateurs, Dita von Teese cultivates the highest level of erotic allure. If every picture tells a story, each of Dita's images incarnates a myth that resonates through time and space, from the subconscious to supernal, arousing our minds and engorging our . . . well, you know, root vegetables.

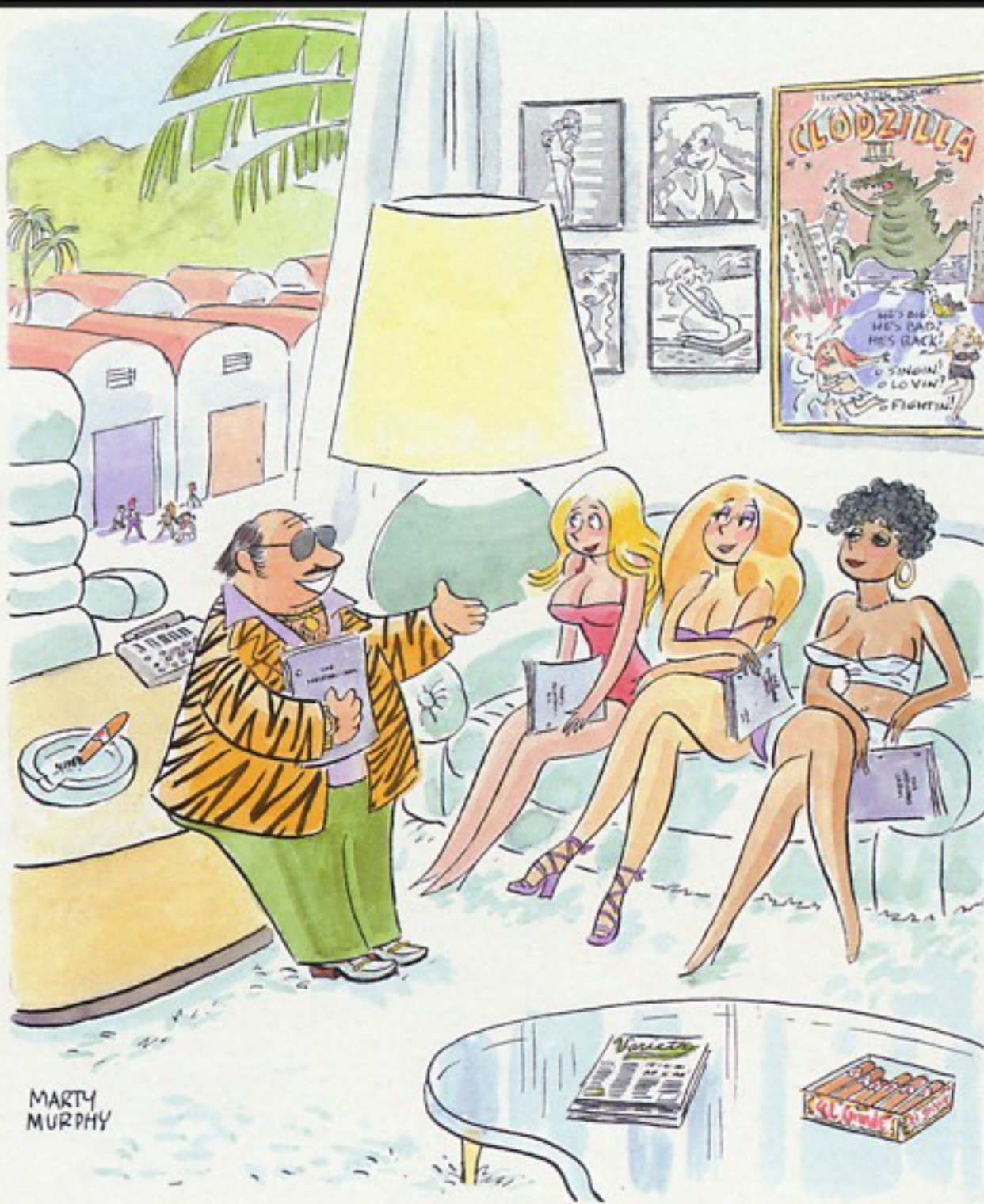
—GLENN O'BRIEN





Mike Williams

"Holy shit!"



"Actually, there isn't a nude scene in Dickens' Christmas Carol. But in our version, Scrooge and the ghost decide to visit a whorehouse."



"I thought I heard a seal fart."

Steve
McGee



"Boy, what a day! I could go for a cold frosty one right now!"



"When you said we were having a Christmas party, I assumed the other employees would be coming."



"Wait a minute—the threesome was supposed to be a gift for me!"

7 lives *X*posed

SEASON 2

Who will she pick?

It's a new season of
7 Lives Xposed...
and now adult superstar
Devin Lane
really knows what
to look for
in a roommate!



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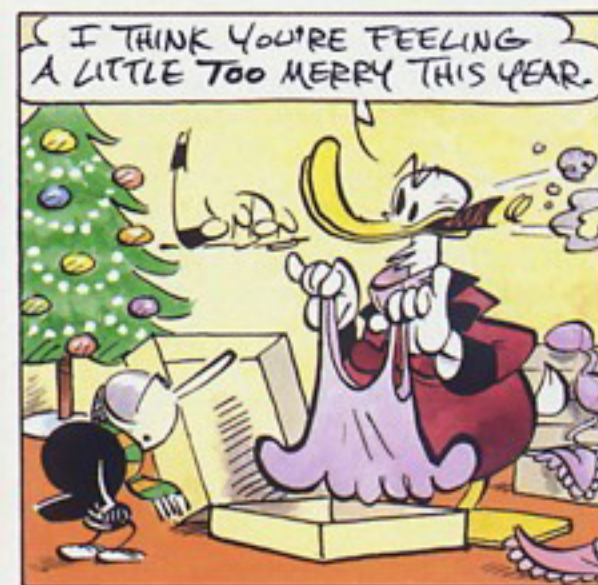
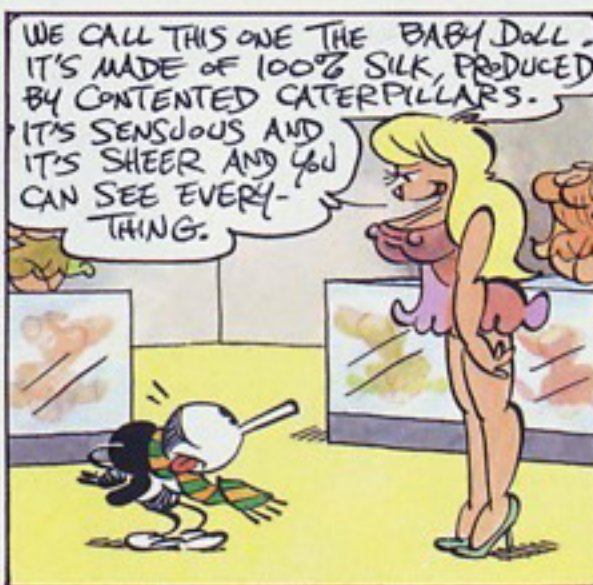
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provider in the U.S. and Canada.



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London





*"The crowds! All those bodies pressed together.
Everyone in a mad scramble to finish first. I just love those
Christmas orgies!"*



"Ahh, there's nothing like animated Christmas windows to get you in the mood."

Meaty Myths

CHESTNUTS
ROASTING BY
AN OPEN FIRE

OOH! SANTA!
THIS IS EXACTLY
WHAT I WANTED
FOR CHRISTMAS!

YAAH!.. AAH!
AAHHFALALA
LALA!!

NOW, THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
A HOLIDAY
ORGASM!

YEOW!
THAT'S NOT AN
ORGASM! I GOT MY
BALLS TOO CLOSE
TO THE FIRE!



PLAYMATE NEWS



THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HEF'S

On MTV's *Cribs*, camera crews invade celebrities' abodes, raid their fridges and zero in on the ridiculous extravagance most of us only dream about. So far on the series we have seen Pamela Anderson's outdoor bathtub, Out-

in the zoo, a Prohibition-era panel door hides a secret wine cellar, a screening room shows new releases and, of course, Playmates chill on the sprawling grounds. "I love to do



backbends when I'm dancing," says Angel Boris, who stopped by for the taping and was caught in a rump-

shaking contest with Jennifer Walcott (several other bikini-clad Centerfolds, shown here, judged). An entire *Cribs* episode is devoted to the Mansion—

kast's stripper pole, Dale Earnhardt Jr.'s basement nightclub, Tommy Lee's in-house Starbucks, Snoop Dogg's basketball court and various rappers' "boom-boom rooms." Kick-ass, yes, but no lair can compare with Hef's, where Pepe and Coco (a pair of spider monkeys) munch on grapes

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

June Cochran debuted as Miss December in 1962, a time when less was more and sheer black shortie nightgowns were all our readers needed to make them melt. Nicknamed Baby June, the former Bunny and the model for the creators of the *Little Annie Fanny* comic strip went on to become Playmate of the Year 1963. Years later, she confessed that relaxing in front of the camera was harder than she made it look. "I was so petrified it took Mario Casilli three weeks to get my Centerfold," she says. "To stop my shaking, he had me hold a Christmas ornament in my hand. I was still nervous when Pompeo Posar shot me as PMOY. I was seven and a half months pregnant."



June Cochran.

an honor bestowed only once before. The superstar? Mariah Carey.

THE EVOLUTION OF ANNA NICOLE



She's got something to get off her chest.



Before she was America's most chatted about reality-TV star, Anna Nicole was a gal from Texas with a job at Red Lobster and aspirations to become the next Marilyn Monroe. In 1993 we named her Playmate of the Year, which led to a blooming career as a model and actress. With all that life experience—and a self-effacing attitude—no wonder she's a blast to watch. Clockwise from left: As Miss May 1992 Vickie Smith; at the premiere of *Ready to Wear* in 1994; at the *Jury Duty* premiere in 1995; at an August 1998 press conference; in August 2000 at a Lane Bryant promotion; at the Night of 100 Stars party in March; ad for the show; with Sugar Pie.

AN ALL-NEW REALITY SERIES PREMIERE SUNDAYS AT 10 PM. PREMIERE AUGUST 4.

**My Favorite
Playmate
By Samantha
Mathis**



I know Peter Bogdanovich, so I'd have to say my favorite Playmate is **Dorothy Stratten**. I've been to his house and seen her photographs. She was a spectacularly beautiful woman.

Miss
August
1979.



BRIDE BEBE

Bebe Buell is a balls-out rock star, the best-selling author of *Rebel Heart* and now a blushing bride. Who's the lucky guy? Jim Wallerstein, from the up-and-coming band Vacationland. "Our wedding took place on August



PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

December 8: Miss March 1987
Marina Baker
December 13: Miss October 1982
Marianne Gravatte
December 13: Miss March 1990
Deborah Driggs
December 20: Miss March 1968
Michelle Hamilton
December 31: Miss October 1974
Ester Cordet

25 in Portland, Maine," Bebe says. "It was a church wedding with a huge reception. My daughter Liv attended with her fiancé, Royston Langdon. My maid of honor was my best friend, Missie Walter. My mother, Dorothea Johnson, walked me down the aisle. Lots of people came from New York City. And, of course, there were some rock-and-roll surprises!" Sounds amazing. Best wishes to Bebe and Jim.

CRAIG KILBORN:

"E has been debating whether to show footage of Anna Nicole Smith unsnapping her bra. They finally decided not to out of respect for the cameraman who was killed."

ANNA NICOLE SMITH:

"I was like, 'Oh my God! I look stoned out of my mind.' I have this lazy talk, this Texas slang thing. As long as ratings stay high, they can laugh all they want."

CARRIE'S BABY LOVE



How did Carrie Stevens decide on her son's name, Jaxon? "I like unusual names, but not so unusual that he'll get teased. Jaxon is masculine, but the spelling is fit for a star. His daddy is director Stephen Herek, who I met while filming *Rock Star* in 2000. Since both of his parents are in the business, maybe he will be inspired to see his name in lights. He has star quality." Carrie proves that mothers can be sexy, too, on the cover of *Gene Simmons Tongue*.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The *Anna Nicole Show*, which has given E its highest ratings ever, has spawned an *Entertainment Weekly* drinking game. A few of the rules: Every time Anna Nicole talks about masturbation, take a sip of blush wine. Every time that she's seen without her attorney, Howard, take a drink. Every time that she bickers with her assistant, Kim, punch the shoulder of the person on your right. . . .

On August 5, the 40th anniversary of Marilyn Monroe's death, more than 200 people attended a memorial service held in Los Angeles' Westwood Village Memorial Park. . . . Nearly 13 million people tuned in to the NBC game show *Dog Eat Dog* to watch the Playboy X-Treme Team. . . .



Lindsey's lifestyle.

Lifestyles magazine did a profile of Lindsey Vuolo (pictured). . . . What's up with Stephanie Heinrich, who used to be a Mansion fixture? "I'm back in Cincinnati," she says. "I have a great boyfriend who is going through the sheriff's academy. I'm returning to school in January to major in criminal justice or communications." . . . Elke Jinsen (below)



Elke does Playboy TV.

shows up on Playboy TV's *Lost Angels*. . . . Shauna Sand and Peggy McIntaggart have roles in *The Reckoning*, a Western with Gary Busey. . . . Are you a fan of *High Times*? If so, you'll find Heather Carolin in the November issue. . . . Shalan Meiers says she used to be a geek: "My first kiss wasn't until my sophomore year of high school."

Grapevine

Three of a Kind

With these little black dresses, we toast our good luck. LARA FLYNN BOYLE (right), JENNIFER GARNER (left) and BROOKE SHIELDS (below) are our exhibits A, B and C. Boyle, who gets as much tabloid attention for her social life as she does for *The Practice*, played off Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones in *Men in Black II*.

Garner, a CIA operative in *Alias*, can be seen on the big screen in *Daredevil* next year. Recent Broadway baby Shields had a starring role in last summer's television mini-series *Widows*. We're glad they didn't play cover-up.



Cindy Shows Some Skin

You've seen CINDY KIPP on CBS' *The Agency*. Here, thankfully, she's not undercover. For another peek at Cindy's assets, check her out on *E's Wild On*.

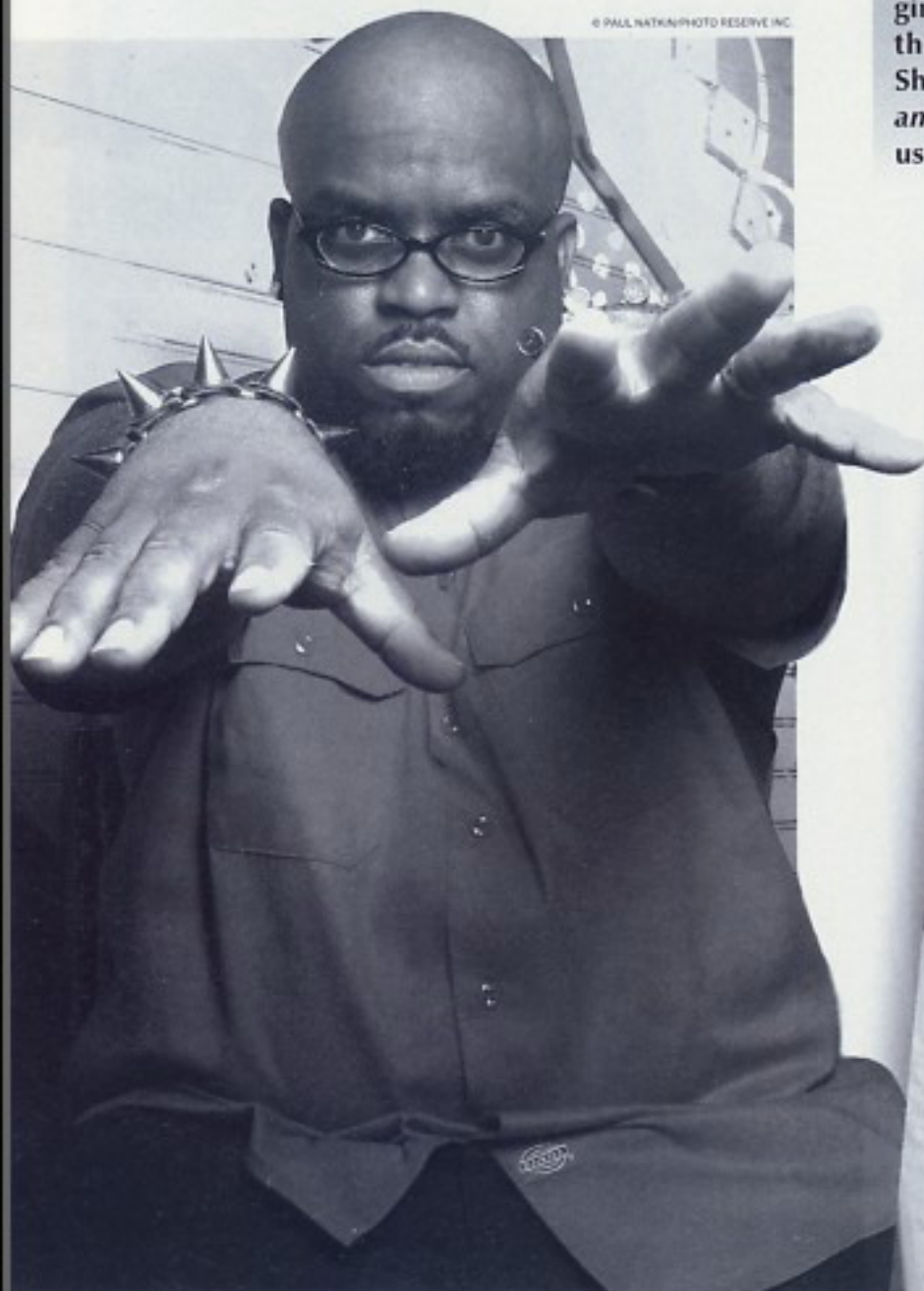


© VINCE CARITAO

Wet and Wild

Swimsuit model MAILE YOSHIDA cools off after appearing in music videos for 'N Sync and the Goo Goo Dolls and dodging Hannibal Lecter in *Red Dragon*.

© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



The Down Low on Cee-Lo

Are you hip to CEE-LO? He's a founding member of the Goodie Mob and part of the Dungeon Family, and his CD and Smokin' Grooves tour are, well, smokin'.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Down in the Delta

You can still catch the NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALLSTARS tour and you should. Have you heard *Shake Hands With Shorty* or *51 Phantom*? Front man Luther Dickinson says, "When white kids play black music, it turns into rock and roll." Amen to that.

© DOUGLAS STREGLER

She's a Handful

KELLY KOLE was a Bada Bing girl on the *Sopranos* and on the pages of our magazine. She played a waitress on *Sex and the City*. Kelly can bring us a drink anytime.



Potpourri



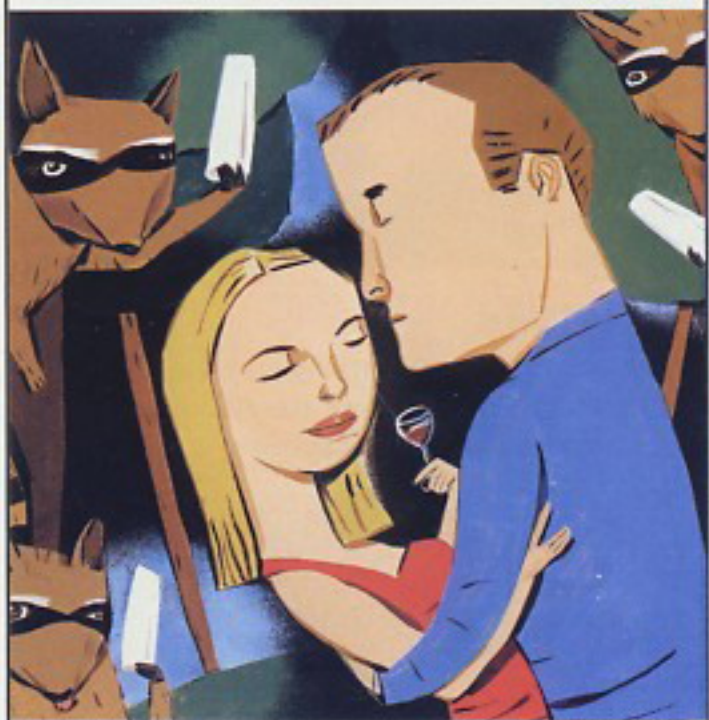
NEED HELP WITH THE SAUCE?

It's now more interesting to lend a hand in the kitchen. The Delicious Catering Co. sells bib-style aprons that are sure to heat up libidos. Santa's Helper (left) is cute, but we're partial to Pretty Woman (a black garter belt and half-bra) and one of a female body wearing two tomato slices and a sprig of basil. Aprons featuring guys' bodies are also available, along with G-rated ones for prudes—Vine Lovers (bottles of Italian wine) and Health Nut (a pile of fruit).

Price: \$20 each, from 877-379-9319 or go to dallasdeliciouscatering.com.

OH, LIGHTEN UP

Vessel Inc.'s rechargeable Candela Lights are the perfect portable illumination for indoors or frolicking in the snow. Special circuitry turns a Candela on when it's lifted from a recharging platform, providing a candlelight glow for five hours. The price for four Candelas and the charger is \$70, from 877-805-1801, Hammacher Schlemmer and Sharper Image stores or go to vesselinc.com for a list of retailers and for more information.



THE SPOTLIGHT'S BACK ON FRANK

It took Reprise/Turner Classic Movies Music more than seven years to create *Sinatra in Hollywood (1940-1964)*, a six-disc set that features 160 tracks, many available for the first time on CD. Co-producer Charles Granata says, "We located the original film versions of these songs and digitally remastered them for the best possible sound." Cinematic performances, promos and interviews are part of the package, which even includes Sinatra's Academy Award acceptance speech for his role in *From Here to Eternity*. A 120-page hardcover containing film stills and other memorabilia is included with the CDs. (PLAYBOY's film reviewer, Leonard Maltin, wrote the preface.) Price: \$120, in record stores.

THE SEVENTIES YEAR ITCH

If you can remember which Marlon Brando movie featured a sex scene involving butter or can sing the opening lyrics of *Free Bird*, order the Seventies Game. It's the second board game created by Intellinative, whose previous offering was—surprise—the Eighties Game. More than 2000 trivia questions on the Me Decade will leave you either reminiscing or glad that era's over. Price: \$32.95, from 866-752-9807 or go to the70sgame.com.



TAG! YOU'RE IT

To distinguish your black bag on the airport carousel, order an Artag luggage tag, which features vintage travel labels and posters. The images are encased in a plastic similar to the material used in bullet-proof glass. Your name and address is encased inside. Tags pictured here are just a sample of what Artag offers. There's also a selection of American tags featuring the Statue of Liberty, Mount Rushmore and the American flag. Price: about \$10 each. Call 800-200-7468 or go to artag.com.



ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

Just in time for Christmas and New Year's comes *The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook: Holidays*. Want to know how to fend off a charging reindeer, silence a group of carolers or rescue someone stuck in a chimney? Authors Joshua Piven and David Borgenicht tell you how. Plus there are tips on dealing with holiday stress and surviving a crowd of shoppers. Yo, ho, ho. Something for us all. Price: \$14.95.



NEW ISSUE OF BONDS

"The definitive history of 40 years of 007 style, inspiration and influence" is how Abrams Publishing describes *James Bond: The Legacy*, by John Cork and Bruce Scivally. Along with approximately 550 photos, this book contains interviews with the stars, directors, designers and other crew members, storyboards, anecdotes and more (including information on the latest Bond flick, *Die Another Day*). Price: \$49.95. Check bookstores.

BETTIE IS BACK

Back in January 1955, Bettie Page was Playmate of the Month, photographed next to a Christmas tree. Now Bettie is back, cuter than ever, in this 16-inch-tall porcelain re-creation of her original pose. The ornaments are glass, the lights blink and details have been painted by hand. Each piece is numbered and Bettie's signature is embossed on a plaque. Talk about an instant collector's item. Price: \$199, including a certificate of authenticity, from Playboy Store.com or 800-423-9494.

TALE OF THE KOMET

Das Komet, a new vanilla liqueur from Canada, is a pleasant white spirit for the holidays. Try it on the rocks, as a shot or blended with soft drinks. Mixed with Coca-Cola it tastes like a classic vanilla Coke. (Feng shui practitioners think the perfect smell for romance is vanilla.) Plus, its 70-proof strength is in keeping with the liquor industry's admonition to "always drink responsibly." Price: About \$15 for a 750 ml bottle. Go to daskomet.com for recipes, lore about comets and more product information.

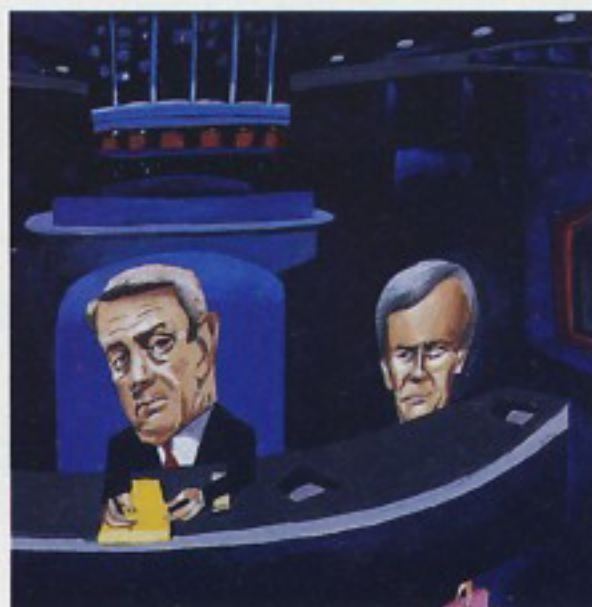




TORRID TIA



CHRISTMAS BURGLAR



ANCHORS AWAY



PLAYMATE REVIEW

TIA CARRERE—HAWAII'S MOST FAMOUS ACTRESS ONCE SAID, "THE KIDS KNOW ME FROM *WAYNE'S WORLD*. THE GROWN-UPS KNOW ME FROM *TRUE LIES*." A VOLCANIC ALL-NUDE PICTORIAL

W—CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH THE LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD. PLUS: HOW HE GOT HIS MONEY (BAMBOOZLED CITIZENS OF ARLINGTON, THAT'S HOW). AN INTIMATE PROFILE BY **MIKE SHROPSHIRE**

SANTA, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER—THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER. UP NORTH, THE FAT MAN FEARS INDICTMENT FOR SHADY FINANCES AND THIRD-WORLD LABOR. NO WONDER RUDOLPH IS RED-NOSED. BY **ARIANNA HUFFINGTON**

THE DEATH OF NETWORK NEWS—WHY TOM, DAN AND PETER ARE LOSING THE NEWS WAR TO CABLE. BY **BILL O'REILLY**

HALLE BERRY—THE FIRST BLACK WOMAN TO WIN A BEST ACTOR OSCAR, HALLE HAS SEEN SOME ROUGH TIMES. HERE: THE TRUTH ABOUT ABUSIVE MEN AND HER HIT-AND-RUN DEBACLE. THEN THERE'S THE GOOD STUFF: STARRING WITH 007 AND IN THE NEXT *X-MEN*. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

PLAYBOY'S OFFICE SEX SURVEY—EVER FLASH A COLLEAGUE? DONE IT IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM? USED TOYS WITH THE BOSS' WIFE? THE SURPRISING RESULTS OF OUR FIRST ONLINE OFFICE SURVEY. BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN** AND **MALINA LEE**

RON INSANA—CNBC'S *BUSINESS CENTER* ANCHOR SETS US STRAIGHT ON INSIDER TRADING, WHY FEMALE FINANCIAL JOURNALISTS FEEL THE NEED FOR BOTOX, THE MONEY BEHIND AL QAEDA AND WHY ENRON REALLY COLLAPSED. 20Q BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

BIRTH OF THE MOB—MARTIN SCORSESE'S 25-YEAR STRUGGLE TO MAKE *THE GANGS OF NEW YORK* IS OVER. HIS EPIC STORY ABOUT ORGANIZED CRIME IN MANHATTAN IS ABOUT TO OPEN. BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

CHRISTMAS EVEN—DECK THE HALLS—THERE'S ONE LESS BURGLAR IN THE WORLD. DETECTIVE BOSCH INVESTIGATES A PAWNSHOP THEFT. FICTION BY BEST-SELLING AUTHOR **MICHAEL CONNELLY**

THE YEAR IN SEX—NUDE PROTESTS, THRONGS OF THONGS, A *SOPRANOS* STAR'S LOVE SCANDAL, THE *OZPORNS*, ANNA NICOLE, BILLY BOB AND ANGELINA, AND SEX IN THE CATHEDRAL. IT WAS A RAUNCHY 2002

AGE OF THE ASS—BREASTS ARE GREAT—BUTT SERIOUSLY, ISN'T IT ALL ABOUT THE BOOTY? AN ODE TO THE TOP POSTERIORIORS, FROM **ANNA KOURNIKOVA** TO **SHAKIRA**

PLUS: A CELESTIAL TREASURE FROM **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**, A LUSTY BUSTY PLAYMATE REVIEW, COOKING WITH CHOCOLATE, SUPERSIZE SUVs, SCOOTERS THAT FLY, LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS-GIFT IDEAS AND CENTERFOLD **ALEXANDRIA KARLSEN** ON SEX